

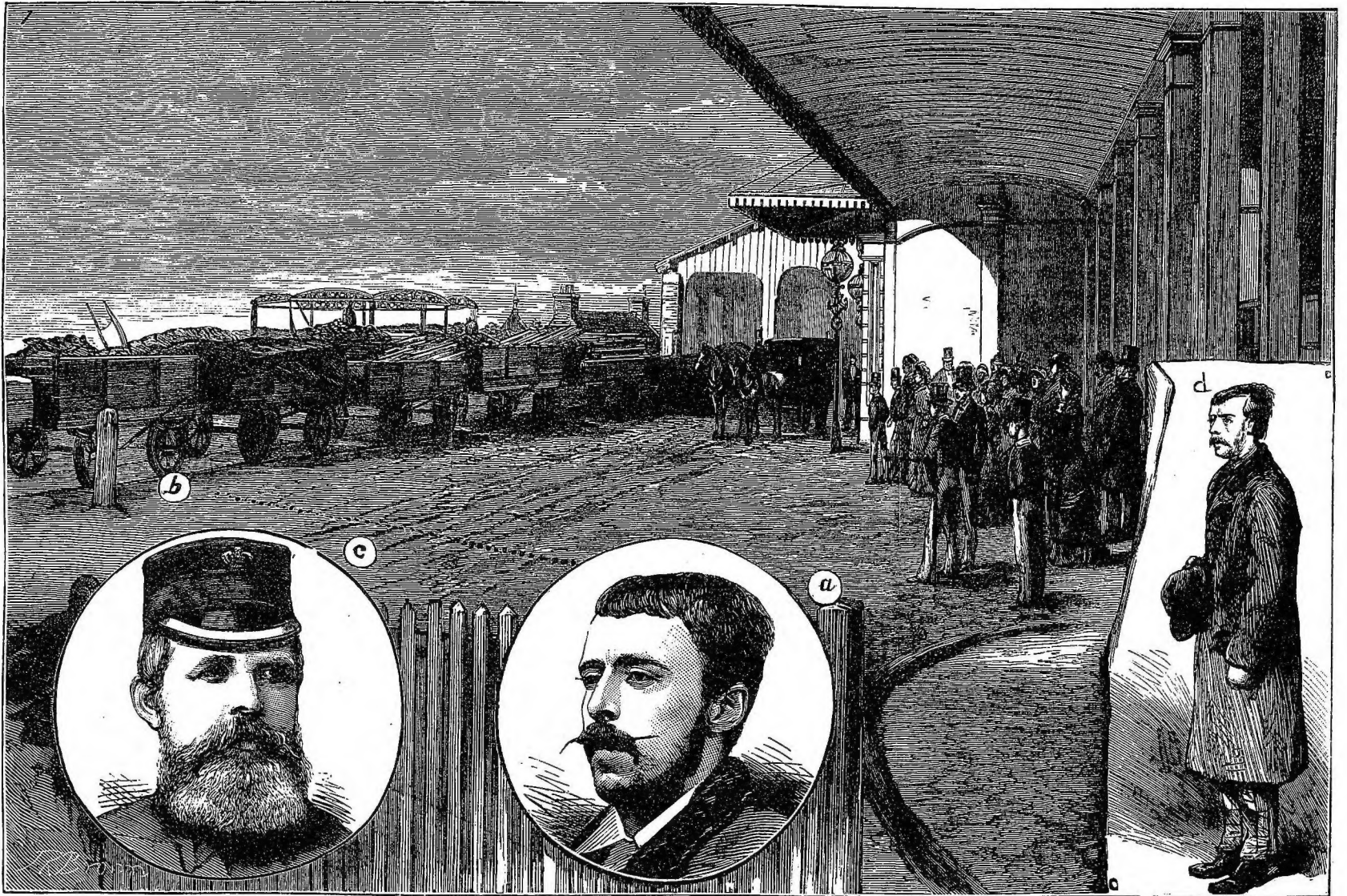
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

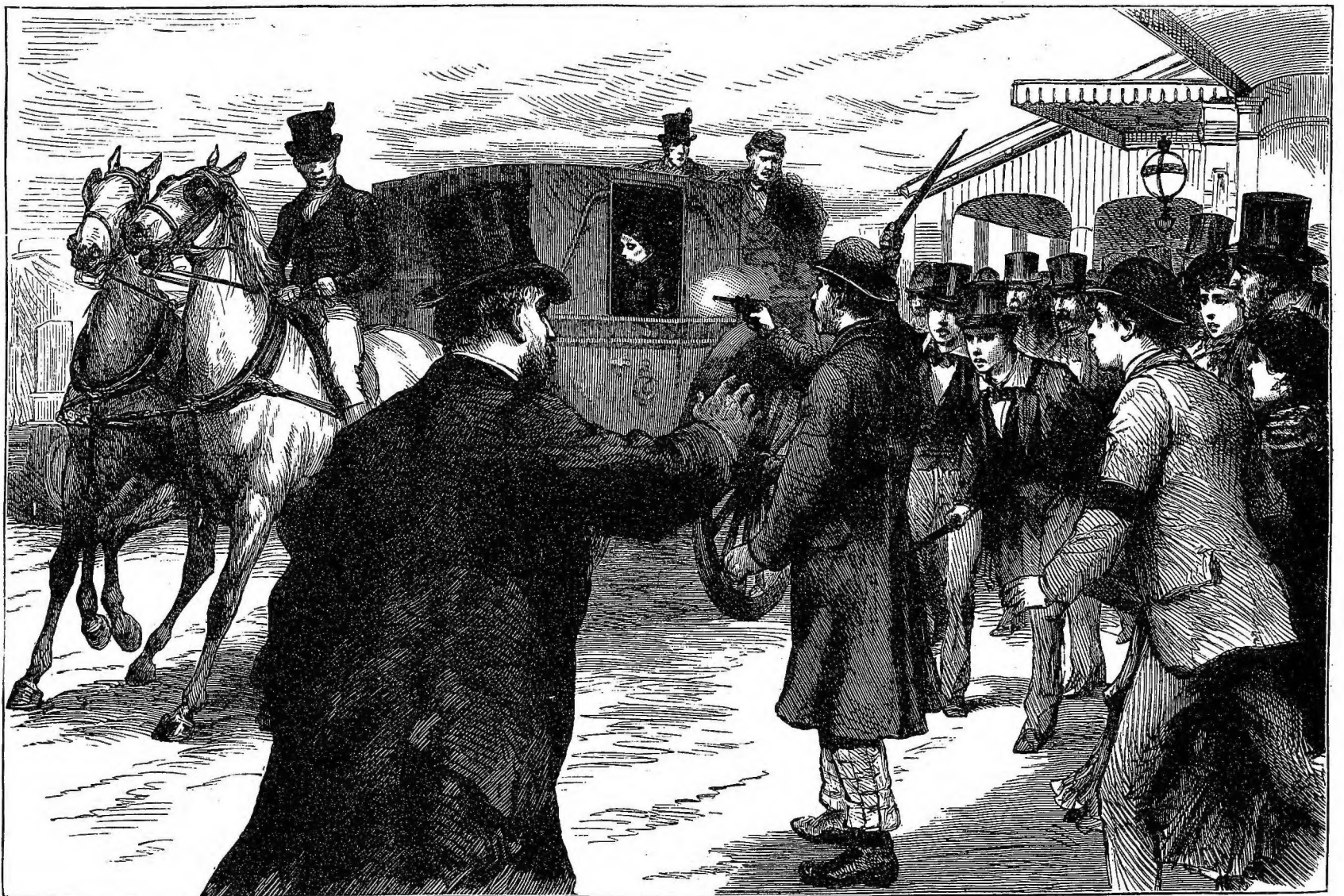
No 641.—VOL. XXV.
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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS. [Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny] PRICE SIXPENCE



a. Roderick Maclean, from a Portrait.—b. Dotted Line, Showing the Direction of the Shot.—c. Superintendent Hayes.—d. Sketch Portrait of the Prisoner.
SCENE AT WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE ATTACK



THE ARREST OF THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, RODERICK MACLEAN
THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN

Topics of the Week

THE ATTACK UPON THE QUEEN.—As this journal goes to press on Thursdays we were only able last week to mention the bare fact that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Queen. The heartfelt congratulations which we offer at Her Majesty's happy escape come, therefore, necessarily somewhat late, for already nearly a week has elapsed since the roofs of hundreds of churches echoed the somewhat unwonted strains of the National Anthem; princes and potentates in all quarters of the globe have flashed along the lightning-wire their expressions of thankfulness; even our own Houses of Parliament, the last to speak though the nearest at hand, have, after their cumbrous traditional fashion, declared their joy that the Queen's person was unhurt. Concerning the painful subject of the assault it is difficult to say anything which has not been already said scores of times. It may, however, add a genuineness and a reality to our expressions of loyalty if we try to fancy how we should feel if we had gone through what the Queen has gone through in these matters. No one in the three kingdoms (with the possible exception of some Irish land-agent) has undergone her assassination-experiences. She was only just one and twenty, she had only been married a few months, it was the golden time when life seems to have attained its very acmé of brightness and sweetness, when the first assault took place. The discharge of Oxford's pistol must have come as a terrible disenchantment. Had he been hanged, he might have had no imitators. But sentiments of lenity prevailed. Two years later, two separate attempts (by Francis and Bean) were made to shoot the Queen. Then, after an interval of eight years, came the assault by Pate, who struck Her Majesty in the face with a cane; a more terrifying though less dangerous kind of outrage probably than the firing of a pistol. Twenty-two years again elapsed before O'Connor's childish attempt. In this case the Queen ran no real risk, but she could not know this till afterwards. And now, after another period of ten years, comes the attack by Maclean. In this case the Queen was in imminent danger. Can any one, especially can any woman, match these terrible experiences? That there was no political significance in any of these cases, that each deed was the work of a miserable creature, either half crazy or craving for notoriety, makes it none the more tolerable for the personage at whom their assaults are aimed. And the universal outburst of loyalty which has been evoked, may be, and probably is, a great consolation, but it is no safeguard. All in some vast multitude may be loyal save one, but if that one has the fatal pistol in his pocket, the loyalty of the rest is of slight avail. And the peril for chief magistrates has undoubtedly increased of late years. What with Nihilistic theories, and diseased craving for the "fame which resembles infamy," there are few countries whose Chief has not been made (in several cases only too successfully) the target of the assassin. If the penalty for this crime were invariably death, there would be less of it.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—Everybody is heartily tired of the question whether Mr. Bradlaugh has or has not a legal right to take the oath in the House of Commons. Perhaps he has; but at any rate it is plain that the majority are absolutely determined to prevent him from going through the form in the ordinary manner. The practical question, then, is, Can no other way of solving the difficulty be devised? Lord Redesdale wishes to dispose of it by a Bill declaring an atheist incapable of sitting in either House, but this method, simple and direct as it may seem to its originator, is not likely to commend itself to any considerable number even of Mr. Bradlaugh's enemies. The whole tendency of modern legislation has been to abolish theological tests in connection with public functions, and it is hard to see why they should be retained in the special case of Members of Parliament. Besides, everybody knows that Lord Redesdale's proposed test would not really exclude the class against whom it would be directed, since the new form would be quite as readily accepted by atheists as that which is now in operation. The only true way out of the dilemma, as all moderate men see, and have seen from the beginning, is to grant the right of affirmation to those who object to the oath; and it is astonishing that Mr. Gladstone still declines to adopt this plain and straightforward course. Even his ardent admirers are beginning to ask what can be the meaning of his strange obstinacy. It can hardly be pretended that he objects to the waste of public time, for the discussion of an Affirmation Bill would not, probably, have occupied half the time that has been given to barren debates about Mr. Bradlaugh during the last two years. The truth seems to be that, Mr. Gladstone having advised the House of Commons to act in one way, and the House of Commons having chosen to act in another, he is resolved to punish it for its disobedience. If this is not the explanation of Mr. Gladstone's policy in the matter, Englishmen who still care for the honour and dignity of Parliament would like very much to know what the explanation is.

BUSINESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Legislative harvest prospects are unpromising. A perpetual downpour of watery talk has chilled the roots of the young plants. William, the head-bailiff, is partly responsible for this. He

is himself a wonderful hand with the watering-pot. Seriously speaking, the state of affairs is this. A month of the Session is gone, and nothing or next to nothing has been done. There has been little downright deliberate obstruction, but disturbing incidents have occurred. An assemblage of persons, however, who profess to be men of business, ought not to allow such matters as the Bradlaugh affair and the Lords' Committee affair to swallow up all their legislative leisure. Why, we have not yet fairly got into the discussion on the new rules of procedure; in other words, we have not yet settled how the tools are to be made with which our future work is to be done. It is becoming doubtful whether any mere alteration of the rules of procedure will really make the House of Commons what it ought to be—an efficient legislative machine. It is one of our modern tendencies to try and squeeze six-and-thirty hours of work and recreation into every day of twenty-four hours. This habit tells upon the House of Commons. The members have done a pretty good day's work before they assemble. A lot of time is then spent in asking and answering questions more or less trivial; and the main business of the evening is scarcely begun before it is time to go to dinner, during which there is a practical interregnum given up to bores and obscurities. Then the House refills, and the swiftest progress is made at a time when sensible men ought to be in bed. The arrangements are altogether of a character quite unsuited to the despatch of business, and the inconvenience is more apparent now that the burdens which the House chooses to take upon itself are so great, the private occupations of the individual members being at the same time far more engrossing than they were. When the legislative deadlock becomes intolerable, the constituencies will resolve to have paid members, who will do the bulk of their work (like the majority of other business folks) during the hours of daylight.

RUSSIA AND GENERAL SKOBELEFF.—It is now generally believed that the Czar seriously disapproved of the speeches delivered by General Skobelev in Paris and Warsaw. It does not follow, however, that no importance is to be attributed to these fiery harangues. According to one writer, in the accuracy of whose statements *The Times* has "the best reasons for believing," General Skobelev had come to a definite understanding with General Ignatieff; and it must be admitted that this is exceedingly probable. General Skobelev may be vain and rash; but he would hardly have ventured to talk as he did if he had not been sure of powerful support at home. The difficulty is to decide how far he and General Ignatieff may be taken to represent the opinions and aspirations of the Russian people. It is easy to say, as many English optimists are inclined to do, that they are merely the mouthpieces of a noisy clique; but it is by no means so easy to show that this view is supported by facts. That the Russians as a nation are ardent Panslavists may, indeed, be doubted; the majority in Russia, as in most other countries, would probably prefer to attend to their private business, and to leave struggling nationalities alone. But this was as true before the Russo-Turkish war as it is now; yet the Panslavists were strong enough to compel the late Czar to adopt their policy, and we have no reason to feel confident that they may not be able, sooner or later, to force his successor to yield to their dictation. If the present Czar were a man of determined character, he might overcome the Ignatieffs and the Skobelevs by appealing against them to the more peaceful class of his subjects; but he seems to be timid and irresolute. The real obstacle to the success of the Panslavists is to be found, not in any difficulty with which they have to contend among their countrymen, but in the definite relations which have been established between the Central European Powers.

MR. FORSTER AT TULLAMORE.—The speech delivered from the drawing-room window of Hayes' Hotel was more compact and effective than the diffuse specimens of oratory which Mr. Forster usually addresses to his constituents or to the House. However much some of us may abominate the Government policy in Ireland, few can fail to feel a hearty sympathy for the unfortunate Chief Secretary. Mr. Forster's lot is not a happy one. In the House he is besieged by a set of men who ask questions, not to seek information but to give annoyance. In Ireland he has to order many things to be done from which his Quaker soul revolts, and he runs no small risk of being murdered. He is patient, he is plucky, he is really anxious to do good to the people of that very queer island. Therefore we cannot but respect him. At the same time, it must be plainly said that it is the Quaker element in the Cabinet which has been the main cause of the Irish troubles of the last two years. A man may be justified in holding as regards his own person the doctrine of non-resistance, but he is not justified in extending the doctrine to other people over whom he exercises authority. Mr. Forster lately boasted that Ireland had been held without the shedding of a drop of blood—that is, on the part of the Government. But how about the torrents of blood which have been shed by the disloyalists who are leagued together against the Imperial power? Has there been no misplaced lenity here? Our contention has always been that the lawlessness of the last two years is mainly due to the inaction of the Government which, be it remembered, only lately woke from its apathy. We do not agree with Mr. Forster that respectable Irishmen are peculiarly deficient in moral courage. There is not much moral courage anywhere, unless there is a Government to set an example. Respectable

Paris in 1871 was powerless against the Communists. Respectable Sheffield, some years before, could do little against the Trades' Union Terrorists. In every country the mass of the community are timid, afraid of interfering, engrossed in their own personal affairs. Hence, unless there is an organised authority already in existence to protect them, a small minority of bold, lawless, unscrupulous spirits can jump on their backs, and make them do just as they please.

THE NEW KING.—At first sight it seems of very little consequence whether Serbia is ruled by a Prince or a King, but in reality the elevation of Prince Milan to royal rank may prove to be a step of great importance. When the Elector of Brandenburg declared himself King of Prussia, all the world smiled at his vanity. Had he been less ambitious, however, it is improbable that Prussia would have obtained the solid advantages which Frederick the Great secured for her; and it is still more improbable that she would now have been at the head of United Germany. King Milan and his successors are not likely to achieve such results as those which have been accomplished by the House of Hohenzollern; but the condition of South-Eastern Europe justifies Serbia in looking forward to a great accession of power. That the Ottoman Empire is decaying, everybody admits; and the boldest of the small States that have been subject to its authority is almost certain to be the one which will profit most largely by its overthrow. In the mean time, there seems to be no doubt that the proclamation of the Kingdom of Serbia will be favourable to the maintenance of peace. The Austrian Government will not have much difficulty in restoring order in Herzegovina if the insurgents do not receive foreign aid; but a serious peril might be created by a Panslavonic agitation in the neighbouring countries. The new King will certainly not encourage any movement of this kind at present. Had Austria resisted his claim he would not have been able to establish his throne so easily; and the chances are that the price he has paid for her acquiescence is a promise of benevolent neutrality.

JUMBO.—The intense interest which has been evoked by what is somewhat melodramatically styled "The Fate of Jumbo" is not altogether unnatural. Of all the animal creation below our noble selves, the elephant is perhaps the most interesting on account of his size and intelligence. This particular elephant, Jumbo, has an especial number of friends. He has been for years a public character. Millions have gazed upon his gigantic figure. Tens of thousands have given him buns. Thousands have ridden on his ample back. These back-riders alone form a respectable constituency, and they probably all unite in defying Barnum and his wiles, and in singing in unison, "We don't want to sell, by Jingo if we do; We've got old Jumbo at the Zoo, and mean to keep him too." All this excitement has, of course, been aroused by Jumbo's firmness (or obstinacy) in refusing to quit his beloved Regent's Park. If, at the first onset, he had gone off quietly, the public would very quickly have forgotten him, and he would by this time have been careering about in the Western hemisphere with juvenile Jonathans and Jonatheenas on his back. Whereas now he has caused strife among the Fellows of that highly respectable body, the Zoological Society, and actually got himself into Chancery. He soon emerged again, more rapidly than suitors sometimes emerge from that legal labyrinth. Ladies and children will hold that Mr. Justice Chitty has behaved very cruelly in maintaining Mr. Barnum's rights of purchase. But few who read his painstaking judgment will think he could have decided otherwise. The question still remains, however, whether Jumbo can be persuaded or forced to quit the Gardens, and there is, therefore, a fair probability that for some time to come he may share with Mr. Bradlaugh the honour of creating a public sensation. The chief difference between the biped and the quadruped object of curiosity is that the one wants to get in, the other does not want to get out.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The advocates of women's rights frequently complain of the indifference with which the world listens to their demands. It seems to us that they ought rather to congratulate themselves on the extraordinary progress which they have made in a comparatively short time. True, women are not yet allowed to vote for Members of Parliament; but the proposal is at any rate no longer thought to be a proper subject for ridicule, and when we remember the feeble jokes which passed for arguments a few years ago, that must be regarded as a considerable step in advance. Besides, the public have become accustomed to see women on School Boards; and in no previous period have so many attempts been made to raise the standard of female education. We hear, too, of schemes for opening new fields of work for women; and doctors, are ceasing to be jealous of feminine competitors. The latest sign of steady progress in the same direction is that the Married Women's Property Bill, introduced by the Lord Chancellor, was read a second time the other night in the House of Lords without opposition. This measure not only consolidates the Acts passed in 1870 and 1874, but contains provisions which greatly extend the rights of wives who are lucky enough to possess property of their own. On the whole, the evidence shows that the English people, far from neglecting the claims of women, are giving them most serious attention, and that we are rapidly approaching a time when women will have no more wrongs to complain of than the so-called stronger sex.

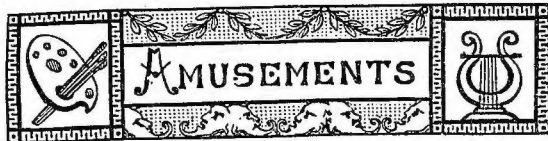
NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is occupied by ILLUSTRATIONS referring to HULL, with Descriptive Letter-press by the Rev. J. R. Boyle.—The Hull Sheet, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding after page 240.

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15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.



THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN

INTENSE horror and alarm were created all over the country by
the news that on Thursday last week an attempt had been made to
shoot the Queen, but the assurance which was at the same time
circulated that Her Majesty had escaped unhurt tended greatly to
allay the excitement, and perhaps to lessen the universal feeling of
indignation which the crime had excited. The intelligence that the
Queen had not even been much alarmed by the occurrence which
had so startled every one else in the kingdom was in itself a relief
to her anxious people, and a perfect flood of congratulatory messages
was poured into Windsor from corporations and representative
societies, as well as from individuals belonging to all classes of
society, in all parts of the three kingdoms, as well as telegrams
from the colonies and foreign countries. The story of the crime is
soon told. Her Majesty on reaching Windsor had left the train,
and with Princess Beatrice had seated herself in a carriage drawn
by a pair of greys, and the vehicle had just started when the
miscreant, Maclean, who was standing in the front row of
spectators, drew a revolver from his breast, and fired. At the same
instant, however, Mr. Superintendent Hayes, Mr. James Burnside,
a local photographer, and several Eton boys rushed forward, and
he was disarmed and arrested, whining pitifully to his captors to
protect him from the just indignation of the crowd. Her Majesty's
carriage was driven on towards the Castle as though nothing had
happened, but the Queen's first care was to inquire as to the safety
of her attendants, and her next to send cheerful telegrams to the
Prince of Wales and the Premier, lest exaggerated reports might be
circulated. The prisoner was examined next day before the Windsor
magistrates, and remanded until yesterday (Friday), being removed
to Reading Gaol in the interim. From the evidence already taken
it seems that the revolver was loaded with ball cartridge in three
chambers, one of which only was fired, the bullet probably passing
in rear of the Royal carriage as it was driven by, and, after striking
against a railway truck, burying itself in the earth beyond, from
whence it has since been recovered. Fourteen ball cartridges were
also found in the possession of the prisoner, who, being examined by
the police surgeon, was declared to be sane. Since then, however,
a number of statements as to his family and former career have been
published, which, if true, can leave little doubt that he is a lunatic.
When arrested he was in a wretched condition, and his own state-
ment is that hunger drove him to the commission of the crime;
though with a cunning which is perhaps indicative of madness he
denies that he had any desire to do more than alarm the Queen,
and thus call attention to what he considers to be his wrongs.
Mad or sane, he appears to have been a lazy, loafing scoundrel,
for whom no sympathy can possibly be felt; and, if any crumb
of consolation can be found amid the sad circumstances of the
case, it is that the dreadful crime so happily averted was not the
outcome of any political disaffection. It is to be hoped that we
shall profit by the lesson recently set us by our American cousins
in the trial of Guiteau, and dispose of Maclean as quickly and
quietly as possible. Our illustrations of the Queen's arrival and
of the arrest of Maclean need no special description. The other
engraving represents an incident on the Stock Exchange, where on
the reception of the news all present immediately uncovered and
joined in the National Anthem (led by a gentleman with a fine
tenor voice), and the singing was followed by loud and repeated
shouts of applause and fervent expressions of satisfaction that Her
Majesty had sustained no hurt.

Our portrait of Superintendent Hayes is from a photograph by
W. F. Taylor, 13, High Street, Windsor; that of the prisoner from
one taken by W. Carpenter, of Windsor, published by the London
Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

ART IN THE CITY

ON the evening of the 28th ult. the Lord Mayor and the Lady
Mayoress gave a conversatione at the Mansion House in connection
with the City of London Society of Artists and the Society for the
Encouragement of the Fine Arts; of which bodies the Lord Mayor
is the President and Vice-President respectively. The former
Society has for its objects the establishment of periodical exhibitions
of works of art and the formation of an Academy for giving
instruction in Art within the City. The first branch of the scheme
has been successfully accomplished, but the latter has yet to be
attained. Hence the Society are about to appeal to the Corpo-
ration and the City Companies for aid in the work, and the
conversatione of the 28th was a step towards this end.

Some two thousand guests assembled, and the Egyptian Hall and
Saloon were lighted by Mr. Crompton's electric light, which showed
to advantage a creditable collection of about 160 pictures, more
than 100 of which were executed by members of the City of London
Society of Artists.

This Society was founded in 1879, and has hitherto held its
annual shows in Stationers' Hall. It is now endeavouring to
arrange with the Corporation to establish a City of London
Academy of Arts, for giving free instruction in the higher branches
of Art, and thereby affording to the two and a-half millions who
live East of Temple Bar the same advantages as are enjoyed by their
more fortunate brethren in the West. Such an Academy is to be
found in nearly every Continental city, a dozen of which would not
in population equal London. Surely London ought not to be
so behind-hand.

It is encouraging to note that the Guildhall School of Music,
which began two years ago with sixty pupils, has now nine hundred.
Why should not the Art Academy prove an equal success? As a
new Music School must be built for the first-named body, it would
be worth while to provide a structure large enough for both. Art
and Music in the City would then be a pair of Siamese twins,
indissolubly united, and exercising a civilising influence on all
within their reach.

THE YOUNG PRINCES IN EGYPT

THE cruise of Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales round
the world is now drawing to a close, and on the 1st inst. the
Bacchante arrived at Suez, and, after the usual reception-formalities
had been gone through, proceeded through the Canal to Ismailia. The
Princes, accompanied by Sir Edward Malet, the British Consul-
General, then went on to Cairo, where they arrived on the morning of
the 3rd. The Khedive had placed the palace of Kasr-en-Noussha
at the disposal of the young Princes, who immediately on their
arrival paid an official visit to their host. On Saturday the Princes
made an excursion to the Pyramid of Ghizeh and the Sphinx, and
on Sunday went to the English Church. On Monday the Princes
went to the Apis tombs and the Mastaba of Ti at Sakkara and
the Khedive gave a grand State dinner in their honour. Next day
they started for Assiout, whence they would ascend the Nile, as far
as the first cataract, being accompanied, at the express desire of the
Prince of Wales, by Sir Edward Malet. The trip will occupy
about twelve days.

A CANADIAN COUNTRY COTTAGE

THIS illustration represents one of the houses built and owned by
the Canadian Building Society of St. Vincent at Montreal. The
locality in which these houses are built is known as the Village of
Côte St. Antoine, and is situated at the end of Dorchester and St.
Catherine Streets. The houses are well situated, and although
small in appearance, contain rooms of considerable size. The rents
average 80s. per annum, and being outside of the city limits there
are no taxes whatever. (Lucky fellows, you Canadians! We
Londoners enjoy no such immunity.) The houses contain nine
rooms, with good garden front and rear, also stabling and coach-
house. They make capital suburban residences. The scenery
around is very picturesque, and commands from the hill an un-
interrupted view of the City of Montreal, and the Lake St. Clair at the
joining point of the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence. The course of
the latter can be followed for many miles. Cognawaga, the Indian
Reserve, is also discernible in the distance, as well as the Lachine
Rapids.

THE ATTEMPTED BALLOON VOYAGE TO FRANCE

WE have commented in another column upon Messrs. Brine and
Simmons's attempted aerial journey, and here, therefore, we need
only give a brief account of the incidents attending the expedition.
Colonel F. Brine, R.E., and Mr. Joseph Simmons, the well-known
aeronaut, with their newly-constructed balloon, "The Colonel," had
been waiting four days at Canterbury for a favourable wind, when on
Saturday they received a message from the Meteorological Office which
induced them to make the long-talked-of attempt. The inflation
of the huge indiarubber bag, coated with bird-lime, with 37,000
feet of gas from Wincheap gas-works, occupied about two hours,
and as soon as this was done the car, with its life-saving apparatus,
store of ballast, provisions, and other necessities, was attached,
and the aeronauts, taking their places, the order to let go was
given, and the balloon rose slowly amid cries of *bon voyage* from
some thousands of spectators. "We started," says Mr. Simmons,
"under conditions so favourable that neither I nor Colonel Brine
felt the least misgiving as to the result. With wind, light, and
everything in our favour, we got away at 11.30, the elevation
varying at different times from 118 feet to 1,800 feet." At 12.20,
when midway between Folkestone and Dover, a lovely rainbow
surrounded the car, and they saw a perfect portrait of themselves
and their aerial vessel projected upon a cloud. Ten minutes after
this they had gained an altitude of 2,400 feet, but in another ten
minutes, when over Shakespeare's Cliff, they had dropped to 500
feet, and were able to talk with the people on a house-top there.
After leaving the land they repeatedly raised and lowered the
balloon by alternately casting out ballast and releasing gas, but
at last it became evident that the wind had changed, and that
no favourable current could be found. They were drifting towards
the North Sea, and the sight of the Calais packet below determined
them to make a prompt descent. After releasing the two carrier-
pigeons which they had with them, and putting on their cork jackets,
they descended into the water, which they struck with great force,
almost jerking Colonel Brine out of the car. Meanwhile Captain
Jutelet, of the *Foam*, mail steamer, had put his vessel about, and
was soon close to the balloon; but it took half an hour to get the
aeronauts on board, owing to the flapping about of the half-exhausted
balloon and the danger to passengers and crew from the rush of gas.
The task was, however, eventually accomplished without mishap,
and the *Foam* resumed its voyage to Dover with the aeronauts, where
they were loudly cheered by some thousands of spectators. At a
council meeting of the Balloon Society held on Monday it was
decided to present the Society's medal to both Colonel Brine and
Mr. Simmons for their "indomitable pluck," and to accord them a
public vote of thanks at the meeting on Friday (yesterday).—Our
engravings are from sketches by Mrs. Davidson, 12, Clifton
Crescent, Folkestone.

FALL OF A CHURCH TOWER AT HEMPSTEAD, ESSEX

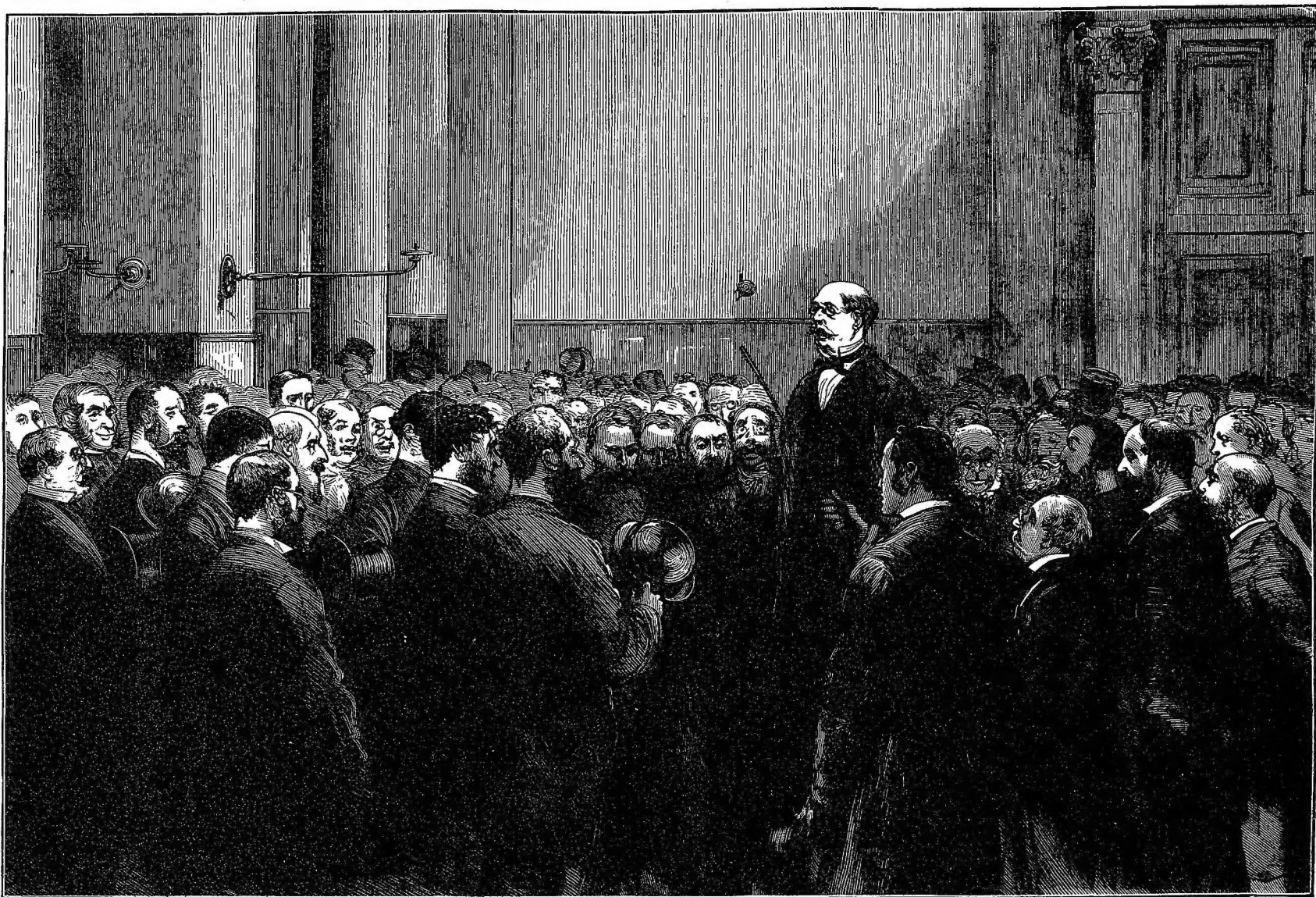
THE collapse of the church tower at Hempstead on Saturday,
the 28th of February, created much excitement in the village,
although the building had for some time before exhibited signs of
weakness and decay, the buttresses at the south-western corner and
the winding staircase in the south-east corner being especially
cracked and warped. During the six days before the fall, these
cracks had widened, and some new ones had appeared in the tower
and nave, and the result of an examination on the date above named
was the issue of an order to discontinue chiming the bells and
winding the clock; whilst it was determined to see what could be
done to strengthen and repair the structure. On that very evening,
however, at about seven o'clock, the south wall of the tower began
to crumble away a few feet above the ground, and in less than an
hour the greater part of the fine old tower had slipped down,
carrying with it more than half of the roof of the nave and a large
part of the south side; the clock and the five bells being buried
in the debris. The completeness of the wreck is well shown in our
second engraving as compared with the first, which shows the
church in its original condition. The disaster was happily
unattended by loss of life, though such could hardly have been the
case had it occurred a few hours later, when the congregation would
have been assembled for public worship. It is proposed to form a
committee to carry out the complete restoration of the edifice; but,
in the mean time, funds are much needed immediately for clearing
away the debris, and securing the remaining part of the church and
rendering it fit for Divine service. Subscriptions for this purpose
will be thankfully received by the Rev. J. Escreet, the curate in
charge.—Our engravings are from photographs by F. T. Day, Gold
Street, Saffron Walden.

PRINCE LEOPOLD AT AROlsen—THE STATE BALL

DURING Prince Leopold's recent visit to the Prince and Princess
of Waldeck at Arolsen a grand State ball formed the chief
feature of the festivities. The invitations were sent out for the
early hour of 8 P.M., and the guests arrived with praiseworthy
punctuality at that hour. "The scene," writes our artist, "was very
striking, the contrast in colours of the various officers' uniforms being
exceedingly picturesque. The light blue of the Dragoons, the
darker hue of the line, with the splendid uniform of colonel of the
72nd Highlanders worn by the Duke of Albany, the scarlet of the
Hon. A. Yorke, the Duke's Equerry, and Mr. Royle, his medical
attendant, told well together. The novelty of the scene to an
Englishman was that the men kept to one side of the room and the
ladies to the other when not dancing. At 8.30 the Hof-Marshall
ushered in the Princess of Waldeck, the Duke of Albany and the
Princess Helen, and suite. The Princess of Waldeck had on
either side a daughter of the late Princess Alice, Princesses
Victoria and Elizabeth, and introduced them to her guests. Dancing
began with the Française and continued till 9.30, when
supper was served in the Salon Pavé. In an hour's time dancing
was resumed and kept up till 12, when the guests retired. In a
short time Arolsen was restored to its normal state of peaceful
quiet." What a benefit it would be to the health of society in
general were some of our fashionable circles to take pattern by the
early hours of the Court of Arolsen!

THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN SELBY AT CONSTANTINOPLE

The funeral of Captain Selby, R.N., of H.M.S. *Falcon*, who
died from the effects of the attack made upon him and Captain



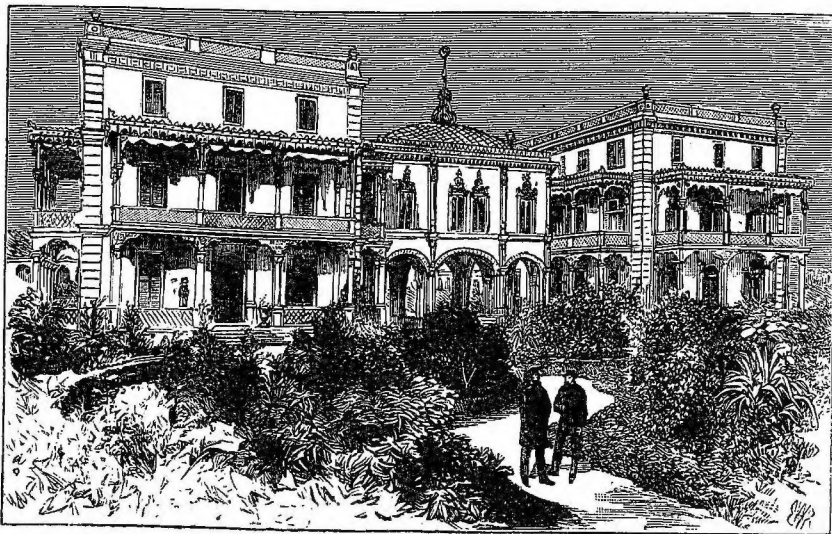
ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN—RECEPTION OF THE NEWS AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE, LONDON: "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"



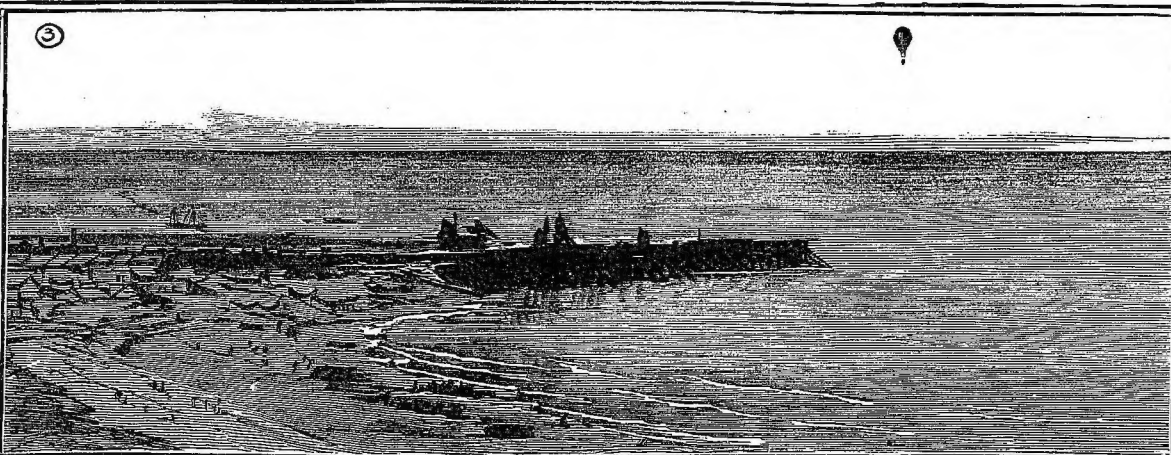
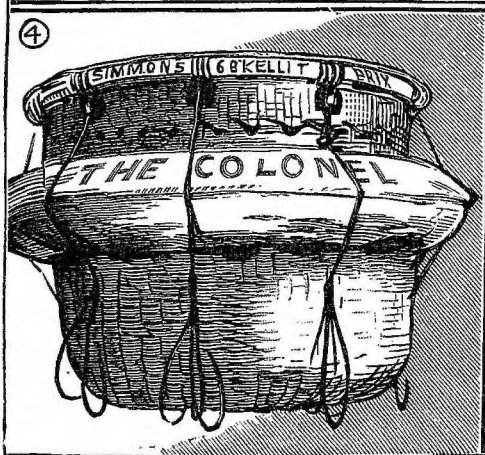
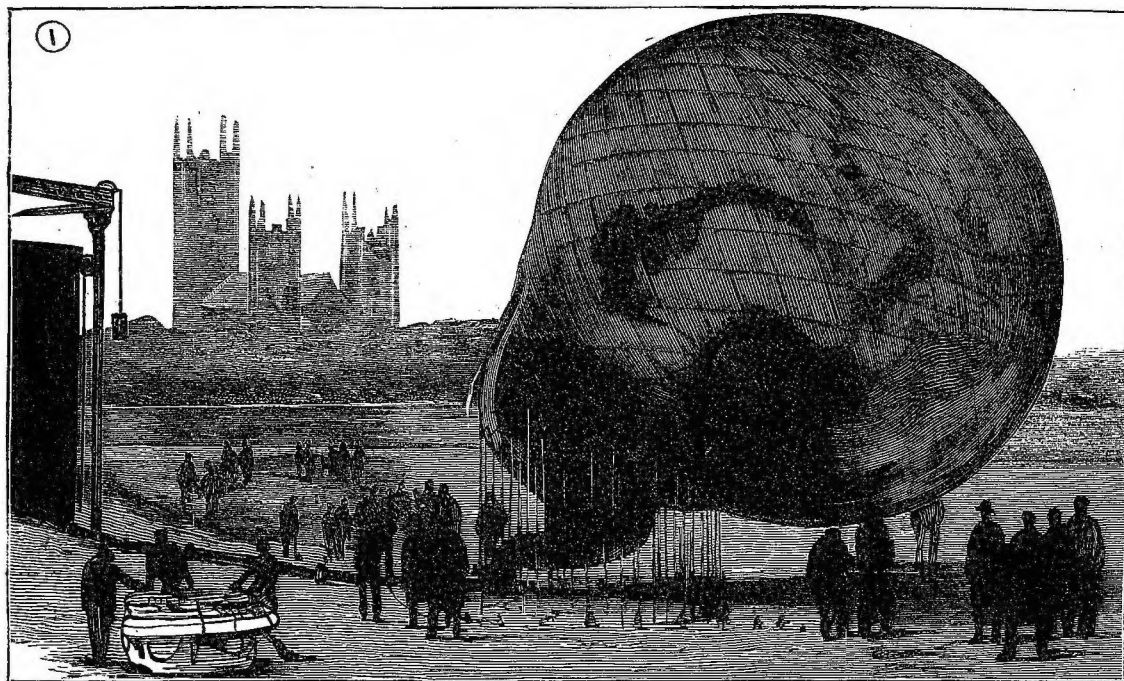
ART IN THE CITY—A CONVERSAZIONE AT THE MANSION HOUSE



LIFE IN CANADA—A SUBURBAN COTTAGE, MONTREAL



THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE—PALACE OF KASR-EN-NOUSSHA, CAIRO



1. Inflating the Balloon.—2. The Start from Canterbury.—3. Passing over Folkestone.—4. The Car and its Lifebuoy.
THE ATTEMPTED BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL



BEFORE THE DISASTER



THE RUINS

THE RECENT FALL OF THE TOWER OF HEMPSTEAD CHURCH, ESSEX

Grenfell of H.M.S. *Cockatrice* by some Albanian shepherds at Artaki, took place at the British cemetery at Scutari, on the 23rd ult. The ceremony was attended by the British Ambassador Lord Dufferin, the Russian Ambassador, the Minister of the United States, and representatives from the other foreign embassies, together with various Turkish officials. The mourners assembled on board H.M.S. *Falcon*, where the coffin lay in the stern, and when all was ready the vessel cast off her moorings, and the first part of the Burial Service was read by the Rev. George Washington, the Chaplain of the Embassy. Off Scutari the coffin was quietly lowered into a boat, amid the firing of minute guns from the Turkish guardship, and then the whole funeral cortege was landed, some boats which had been considerably lent by the Commander of the Russian dispatch boat materially assisting. The procession having been formed, it slowly ascended a new road which had been made to the pretty little English cemetery, where so many of our Crimean heroes and members of the large British colony at Constantinople lie buried. First in the cortege came the firing party and British blue jackets, and then a detachment of harbour police with their arms reversed. Then followed the coffin, and immediately afterwards the three chief mourners, the Earl of Dufferin, Mr. Wrench, and Commander Grenfell, succeeded by Drs. Sarell, Drew, and Kellet. Then came the ship's companies of the *Falcon* and the *Cockatrice* and of the German ship *Loreley*, and next the officers of the *Falcon* and *Cockatrice*, and of the foreign despatch boats, the Ottoman functionaries, the diplomatic body, and finally the long train of mourners from the British colony. At the grave the last part of the Burial Service was read, the coffin was lowered into the grave, and three volleys from the firing party brought the sad ceremony to a close. Captain Selby is the second British officer who has been buried in the little cemetery since the Crimean War, the last having been a brother of Sir Henry Layard.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major the Hon. J. Colborne.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC MEETING

At this meeting, which took place in the Banqueting Hall of St. James's Palace on the 28th ult., H.R.H. the Prince of Wales took the chair, and, in a very capital and persuasive speech, unfolded the chief features of the project, which had already been effectively set forth by his royal brothers at Manchester some time before. We have already on several occasions discussed this subject, but we may with advantage here briefly recapitulate the Prince of Wales's argument, which is to the following effect: England was once a very musical nation, and might be so again if the musical talent, which too often lies dormant and unnoticed in various parts of the country, were unearthed and brought to light. Having sought out and selected these possible Sterndale Bennetts, Pattis, and Santleys, by an examination conducted on the open competition system, they are to be educated in the Royal College of Music. The institution should start with a hundred pupils, fifty paying for their board and lodging, but being educated gratuitously; the other fifty being both maintained and educated freely. The former class would cost 40*l.* a year per head, the latter 80*l.* But, besides its educational advantages, the Prince holds that the College will be to England what the Conservatoires are to Continental countries, the head and centre of the musical world. "Why is it?" he asked, "that England has no music recognised as national? It has able composers, but nothing indicative of the national life or national feeling. The reason is not far to seek. There is no centre of music to which English musicians may resort with confidence, and thence derive instruction, counsel, and inspiration."

The meeting was most enthusiastic, and liberal subscriptions were announced at its close. As 12,000*l.* a year will be needed to carry out the scheme properly it is to be hoped that this enthusiasm will not prove ephemeral. But it seems to us that this is an object to which the nation might be fairly asked to contribute in its corporate capacity. Of late years we have spent more on education and other matters of permanent benefit than we used to, but still the great bulk of the money which is yearly extracted by the tax-gatherer from John Bull's capacious pockets goes to pay either for the cost of past wars or for the possibility of future wars. Compared with the millions thus annually consumed, a few thousands towards developing musical genius would be a mere flea-bite.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 237.

HULL ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 241 *et seqq.*



JUMBO is still master of the situation, neither cajolery nor force having as yet induced him to enter the new travelling cage provided for his conveyance to the docks. Mr. Scott his keeper had on Monday a narrow escape of being crushed to death, having got between the wall and the haunches of his huge charge, who, however, moved away as soon as he heard his keeper's voice. The endeavour made by some of the Fellows of the Society to stop the removal by an application in Chancery has failed, as although an interim injunction was obtained on Monday, and extended on Tuesday, Mr. Justice Chitty on Wednesday dismissed the application with costs, deciding that the Council had power to sell. Jumbo remained in his stable the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday, and was well fed and much petted by troops of visitors, whose commiseration he excited by frequently lifting the shackles on his fore feet, and, with his trunk, raising and letting fall the long loose chain attached to them. The latest idea is to haul him step by step into the car by means of powerful block-tackle, and if this fails a crane will be erected, and he will be swung bodily into it.

MR. FIRTH AND THE CITY CORPORATION.—At a recent meeting of the Common Council Sir F. Truscott stated that Mr. Firth's Cobden Club "Essay on London Government" "literally teemed with errors and misstatements." Mr. Firth has since sent him a written challenge to indicate one misstatement. In reply to the more particular criticisms of Sir John Monckton, denying the statement that "the most heinous offence of the Remembrancer in the eyes of the Common Council lay in the strenuous endeavours he made to determine the abuses and corruptions which he found prevalent in his office," Mr. Firth cites as the authorities for his statement the report of the Special Inquiry Committee, October, 1879, and Mr. Waterlow's circular to the Common Council of the same date, adding that if these will not suffice there is abundance of further evidence upon the whole case.

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. Bradlaugh has been returned a third time for Northampton, but the House again having declined to admit him he is still in the anomalous position of member and no member. He has announced that he has another surprise in store for Sir Stafford Northcote, and perhaps by the time these lines are before our readers he will have made some new effort to take his seat. Meanwhile it is said that he does not intend appealing to the House of Lords against the last judicial decision in the case *Clarke v. Bradlaugh*. In an address to his constituents he says that a lawless majority having hindered all effect of his third return the seat is theirs to retake at once if they express the wish, but he shall not insult them by voluntary resignation of it, and will do all that

man lawfully may do to occupy it.—Mr. G. S. Roundell has published a letter saying that upon reflection he regrets that he did not vote against the expulsion of Mr. Bradlaugh.—The Bristol Radicals have adopted a resolution condemning Mr. S. Morley, M.P., for his conduct in regard to the Northampton election, and declaring that he is no longer worthy of the confidence and support of the Liberal electors of Bristol.—On Tuesday Lord Redesdale introduced a Bill making it compulsory upon every Peer and member of the House of Commons to declare solemnly their belief in Almighty God before swearing or affirming allegiance to the Throne.—At Malmesbury Colonel Miles (C) has been returned, polling 491, against Mr. Luce's 435. Mr. Miller, the Independent Liberal, was not put in nomination, but has announced his intention of coming forward at the next General Election.

THE BALLOT ACTS.—Sir Charles Dilke's Bill, issued last week, contains the changes which the Government propose to make in the Ballot Acts in rendering them permanent. Amongst other things power is given to the local authority to extend the hours of polling until 8 P.M. Non-observance of the "directions" is only to invalidate a voting paper when the identification of the voter is by that means made possible; or when it fails to indicate for whom the vote was intended.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE UNEMPLOYED.—Last week a deputation representing some thousands of unemployed men, whose condition was stated to be owing to the long depression in trade, attended at the Mansion House by appointment to request the Lord Mayor to assist them in obtaining facilities for free emigration to Canada and other British colonies. His lordship, in reply, said that he had listened with painful interest to their statements, and recommended them to see Sir Alexander Galt, the High Commissioner for Canada, whom he should be glad to assist by receiving necessary funds if a scheme were devised for the promotion of emigration. The idea was most reasonable and proper, and he was sure that if their friends in Ireland were to make such practical suggestions they would all be a deal happier and more comfortable.

THE PERSECUTION OF JEWS IN RUSSIA.—On Tuesday the Committee of the Mansion House Relief Fund held a meeting, at which it was announced that the fund amounted to 55,758*l.*, and Mr. Lionel Cohen, the President of the Jewish Board of Guardians, introduced a deputation, who stated that the influx of Jewish emigrants from Russia continued on a very large scale, those who arrived saying that a great number of others were following. They had already expended 1,500*l.* of the Fund, and the Committee adopted a vote of thanks for their services, which they requested them to continue.

IRELAND.—The chief event of the week has been the speech delivered at Tullamore by Mr. Forster after his tour through the disturbed districts. He spoke to a large crowd from the window of his hotel, and was only occasionally interrupted with cries of "No eviction" and "Release the suspects," while some of his sentiments were received with cheers. He said that the object of his visit was to see whether the reports which reached Dublin Castle were true, and he had found that in the main they were. The people generally were responsible for the continuance of intimidation and outrage, for, though brave enough in battle, they had not the moral courage to resist them. The actual criminals were a small number of reckless men, who could be put down at once if the people did their duty; but whether this were done or not, the Government were determined to put a stop to them. He admitted that Ireland had been badly governed, but they had now got two acts of justice (fair rents and security of tenure), which three or four years ago they did not expect to get. After a touching allusion to the sufferings of the farmer Marony, who had since died, Mr. Forster concluded his speech with the cry of "God Save Ireland," and the promise that the suspects should be released as soon as it could be fairly said that outrages had ceased in Ireland.—Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, in reply to an application made to him on behalf of some of the "suspects" who are naturalised citizens of the United States, has written saying that although the Coercion Act is an exceptional and arbitrary measure, contrary to the spirit and foundation principles of both English and American jurisprudence, it is the law of the land, and controls all persons domiciled in the proclaimed districts, and it is manifestly futile to claim exception from its operations.—The statement that the Land League and Nationalist organisation contemplate the establishment of a fund for the payment of their Parliamentary representatives, is said to be entirely without foundation.—Six men have been arrested under the Protection Act on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of the informer Bailey, in Dublin, a fortnight ago.—At Swinford, County Mayo, on Sunday, a party of Fenians were discovered drilling in a wood. Twelve arrests were made, and some documents of a treasonable nature were seized.

THE LORDS' COMMITTEE ON THE LAND ACT met in private on Tuesday for the examination of witnesses, the first of whom was Mr. Godley, Secretary to the Land Commission. Mr. Forster has declined to attend.

THE GREEK COMMITTEE were on Saturday entertained at a banquet at Willis's Rooms, in celebration of the peaceful cession of Thessaly, and the termination of their work. The Earl of Rosebery presided, and amongst those present were the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Dalhousie, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., Mr. Gennadius, and Mr. A. Arnold, M.P.

SUNDAY BANDS IN THE PARKS.—On Tuesday the Earl of Shaftesbury headed a deputation from the Lord's Day Rest Association to the First Commissioner of Works, to protest against the Sunday League music in the parks, the letting of chairs, and the selling of programmes. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre replied that he did not feel disposed to interfere, as there was nothing illegal in playing music in the park, or in charging a penny for a chair.

THE ZOOLOGICAL NECROPOLIS COMPANY (LIMITED) is the name of a new association established to provide a burial ground near London for the interment of deceased pet-animals of all kinds; and further to establish an asylum for aged and infirm animals, which is also to serve as a temporary depository for pets whilst their owners are away from home.

OBITUARY.—The Earl of Wilton died on Tuesday in his eighty-third year. We shall shortly publish his portrait and a memoir.



We must defer until next week a full account of the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the LYCEUM. The house was crowded in every part, and among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Lord Lytton. It may be safely said that this famous love-story has never before been placed so adequately on the stage as regards scenery and general effects. The quarrel between the servants of the rival houses at the beginning of the first act culminates in an admirably-managed street riot, worthy of Donnybrook Fair in its palmy days; while the banquet at the Capulets' house is equally realistic. The scenery throughout is simply magnificent. Mediæval Vienna and Mantua are placed before us in a series of such artfully-constructed views that they

seem like reality. Of the acting of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry we prefer to speak next week. Suffice to say here that they were enthusiastically greeted. But we may especially commend Mrs. Stirling's excellent rendering of the Nurse, not an effective point being omitted; the gaiety of Mr. Terriss as Mercutio; and the admirable elocution respectively of Mr. Howe as Capulet, and of Mr. Fernandez as Friar Laurence.

Mr. Byron's first appearance in the character of an adaptor has proved to be decidedly successful. His new comedy, entitled *Fourteen Days*, at the CRITERION Theatre, is a version of *Un Voyage d'Agrément*, a comedy of the broad farcical kind, which was brought out last year at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris. Its complications arise from the misfortune of a married gentleman who has incurred the penalty of fourteen days' imprisonment for an offence which, though not very grave in itself, is in the eye of the law not to be overlooked, for it involves a hasty assault upon a police constable in the execution of his duty. Under these circumstances the paramount object is to conceal the painful fact from a tender and loving wife; and for this purpose a certain amount of duplicity is resorted to, with the aid of friends and confederates. As may be expected, the "pious frauds" to which these individuals are compelled to resort involve them in inconsistencies and ludicrous embarrassments, from which there is finally no escape but in frank confession that the husband has not returned from a trip to Italy, but simply from an odious sojourn in the jail which Mr. Byron is pleased to call the "Hotbath Fields Prison." The adaptor's task has not been an easy one, owing to the odium which attaches in English eyes to any sort of incarceration for infringement of the criminal law, but this difficulty is in a great measure got over by the droll absurdity of the incidents in the prison scene. Mr. Wyndham, it is true, in the character of Peregrine Porter is actually seen in the convict's garb, with the regulation number on his arm, and when occasion arises he is sternly bidden by a warder to retire to his cell; but when the governor of the jail is so complaisant and charming a person, so ready to assist in the little deception played off upon Mrs. Porter, and so willing to oblige his prisoner, even to the extent of allowing him the society of a young gentleman friend, who has to don the prison garb for the occasion, the spectator finds it difficult to associate the idea of degradation with Mr. Porter's unhappy situation. Unfortunately, during the governor's absence a different view is taken of the matter by a stern military deputy, and the convict is suddenly relegated to his former dungeon; but the fun of all this and of seeing the friend hurried off also to serve a term similar to that of his fellow prisoner, and all because the deputy-governor, who is a strict disciplinarian, will listen to no complaints or explanations save "on the first Thursday in the month," is so keenly relished that even here it is impossible to take the matter very seriously. We need hardly say that there is an underplot which, combining with the main thread of the story, helps still further to produce ludicrous complications. The drollery of the piece, in fact, never flags from first to last, and rarely has a performance been received with more hearty laughter. Much of this result is due to the dialogue, which is almost entirely of Mr. Byron's invention, and is in his best vein, being dependent on this occasion more on genuine vivacity and humour and less on mere verbal pleasantries than is the case in some of his pieces. It is exceedingly well acted. Nowhere, indeed, are pieces of this light class better interpreted than at the Criterion, where Mr. Charles Wyndham's mercurial style and Mr. Giddens's fresh humour are as indispensable in the eyes of *habitués* as Miss M. Rorke's grace, refinement, and genuine vivacity. With these performers in the leading parts, Mr. Standing to play the eccentric governor of "Hotbath Fields Prison," and Mr. Blakeley to represent an officious friend of the unhappy Mr. Porter, whose ill-timed services do more mischief than good, Mr. Byron's adaptation could hardly fail to meet with the hilarious reception which it secured at the hands of a first-night audience.

Mr. Burnand's new adaptation, *The Manager*, at the COURT Theatre, seems likely to take its place in that not inconsiderable category of pieces which have not only survived a first-night condemnation, but achieved, in spite of that inauspicious commencement of their career, a genuine popularity. Nothing perhaps is resented more by an audience than any obscurity in the presentation of a story on the stage; and doubtless the neglect to explain how it was that the rebellious prima donna, who had just before taken definitive steps for abandoning her engagement, should suddenly turn up to fulfil her duties had no small share in creating the ill-feeling which was originally displayed. The elaboration of irrelevant matters is also a notorious source of irritation; and it must be confessed that in *The Manager*, as at first produced, there was a good deal of purely illustrative matter, which was, moreover, of a rather boisterous kind. Both of these defects have now been remedied by the author; the one, by adding a new scene—or rather, it would appear, by restoring a suppressed scene; the other, by the simple process of excision. The result is that *The Manager* is now received very favourably, its broadest scenes of humour arousing roars of laughter. The piece is well acted throughout by a very efficient company; but it would be worth seeing if it were only for the sake of Mr. Clayton's impersonation of the snug registrar and proprietor of the "Palladium Theatre," a very original study of character, played without a trace of exaggeration, yet with abundance of humour.

The management of the ST. JAMES'S have produced, by way of introductory piece, among the evening's entertainments a new "comediella," written by F. W. Hayes, and entitled *Medusa*. Mr. Hayes's production should rather have been called a farce, for its personages are caricatures, and its incidents are occasionally of a rather childishly comic kind. The introduction of a peremptory and loquacious lady, strong in the assertion of what are called woman's rights, and endowed with the name of "Miss Medusa Quackenboss," is quite in the old and exploded vein of introductory farces. The notion that this grotesque personage is deliberately selected as a suitable wife for a rich colonel in the army by a silly old gentleman to whom the Colonel in question has entrusted that delicate duty is not more promising. Perhaps the oddest thing about the performance is the perfect good faith and unexaggerated truth of Mr. Wenman's impersonation of this Colonel, who so clearly belongs rather to the stage than to the outside world. Supported by this excellent actor, as well as by Mr. Mackintosh, Miss Kate Bishop, Mrs. Garston Murray, and Mr. Draycott, the little piece obtained a friendly reception; but it must be confessed that it is an ill-exchange for the truth, refinement, and genuine humour which have characterised most of the lighter pieces produced at the St. James's and the Court Theatres under the direction of Messrs. Hare and Kendal.

The title of the new comedy which Mr. Byron has written for Mr. Toole is *Auntie*. It will be produced at TOOLE'S Theatre on Monday evening next.

Mr. John Coleman, a well-known actor and manager, has taken the OLYMPIC Theatre, which he will open on Easter Monday with *The Shadow on the Cross*.

Madame Constance Loseby will play the principal lady's part in the revival of *Babil and Bijou*, which is to be produced at Easter at the ALHAMBRA.

The performances for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund will take place on Monday afternoon, the 20th inst., at DRURY LANE. Mr. Harris having kindly placed the theatre at the disposal of the committee for that purpose. The performance, which involves the appearance of nearly every leading performer on the London stage, is of that extensive kind to which we are accustomed on these special occasions.



MR. BRADLAUGH reappeared on the Parliamentary scene on the first day of the week. It is understood he had not intended to be quite so prompt in reasserting the right once more conferred upon him by the constituency of Northampton. He was credited with an ingenious scheme for vexing the enemy. According to the Parliamentary rule a new member may take the oath either before business commences or after it is finished. Mr. Bradlaugh, taking note of this fact, was to have hung about the House like a company of Uhlands on the outskirts of a village, always threatening descent, but invariably postponing it till, at some moment when the Conservatives were worn out with fruitless watching or lapsed in fatal security, he would swoop down on the table and take the oath. This was not a pleasing prospect amid the other adversities of the session. Not only would Sir Stafford Northcote and his friends have to be down every day at four o'clock, but they must needs remain till the Speaker had left the chair, and there was no more chance of surprise.

Whilst Mr. Bradlaugh was chuckling over the consternation which spread through the Conservative ranks at such a dire prospect, he received a note from the Leader of the Opposition which changed the aspect of affairs. Warlike strategy forms a game which two can play, and, somewhat to Mr. Bradlaugh's surprise, he discovered that Sir Stafford Northcote had the best of the game. The right hon. baronet, with his habitual courtesy, informed him of his intention on Monday to call for the writ for Northampton and thereupon move a resolution. This dexterous and timely move entirely changed the condition of the parties. Mr. Bradlaugh was no longer able to dominate the House. Only for half an hour was he in the position he had looked to occupy indefinitely. As Sir Stafford could not move till half-past four, the hour at which public business commences, Mr. Bradlaugh if he pleased might move half an hour earlier, and to prevent this latter surprise, not only the Leader of the Opposition and the Conservative Party, but the Premier and his party, were in their places at four o'clock, the House presenting at this time the unwonted appearance of crowded benches.

Mr. Bradlaugh was in his seat under the gallery watching the proceedings which went on at some length, and as he did not personally interfere, with unusual regularity and unwonted quietness Sir Stafford Northcote, having asserted that the writ had arrived, moved a resolution identical in terms with that passed on the first day of the Session, and which forbade the administration of the oath to Mr. Bradlaugh. It was expected that this would be met by the usual negative from Mr. Labouchere, but there was a surprise in store. Mr. Majoribanks moved as an amendment a resolution in favour of legislation, with the object of making it optional to a newly-elected member whether he should take the oath or make affirmation. This was a genuine surprise, and it seemed for some time as if it would snatch the victory from the Conservative Opposition. There is undoubtedly a strong feeling, not confined to the Liberal Benches, that legislation on this subject is inevitable, and that the sooner it is carried the better for the peace and dignity of Parliament. Had the Premier even now stated that if the amendment were passed the Government would bring in a Bill, there is no doubt it would have been carried. But, pressed on this point, Mr. Gladstone gave one of those curiously involved replies of which he is master. It might have meant many things, but it was taken by the House of Commons to mean that the Government were not prepared to give the time necessary for carrying such a measure. This hesitancy gave an advantage to the Conservatives which they pressed home. They also made good play with the fact that if the amendment were carried it would not be possible for the House of Commons again this Session to move a resolution prohibiting Mr. Bradlaugh from taking the oath.

It is a rule of Parliamentary Debate that a resolution once negated cannot be brought in again. In agreeing to Mr. Majoribanks' amendment the House would be negating Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution. That was a custom plainly not relished by the many members who are accustomed to leave their leaders when the question before the House has been Mr. Bradlaugh. Still, it was evident the division would be a very close one, and when the paper containing the figures were handed to Mr. Rowland Winn, in token of victory, the suspense of the Conservatives found relief in protracted cheering. How near the parties were balanced appeared from the fact that 257 had voted against the amendment, and 242 in its favour. There was some disposition in the Labouchere quarter to take another division on the main question, but this was personally discountenanced by Mr. Gladstone, and the original motion was carried without dissent.

Thus Mr. Bradlaugh was again practically expelled, and in order that there should be no mistake about it his friend and counsellor on the following night obtained from the Speaker a ruling which completely bars all side-entrances by which he might hope to creep in. Replying to the categorical question of which due notice had been privately given, the Speaker ruled that after the resolution on Monday it would be disorderly for two members to attempt to introduce Mr. Bradlaugh, and further that no member could come to the table unless called upon by the Speaker, and since he had no intention of calling upon Mr. Bradlaugh, any advance by that gentleman would be disorderly. If Mr. Newdegate had been instrumental in eliciting this distinct opinion his purpose would have been understood. Since it was Mr. Labouchere who thus secured the bolting and barring of the Parliamentary doors on his colleague it can only be surmised that he is tired of his advocacy, and desired to show how hopeless is its further pursuit.

Mr. Labouchere has other business on hand not less calculated to secure notoriety than the Bradlaugh business. He has given notice of a motion declaring the House of Lords "unnecessary, obstructive, and dangerous." In the mean while the Lords are quietly sitting, waiting for work to commence, whilst the Commons waste the hours up to midnight and then begin work, which keeps them in harness till three o'clock in the morning. The House of Lords sit from a quarter of an hour to fifty minutes, and does nearly as much practical work. On Monday it joined with the Commons in voting an address to the Queen congratulating Her Majesty on her escape from the attack of the lunatic Maclean. The ceremony was altogether marred by the precedence of the Bradlaugh incident. In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote spoke amid the echoes of an empty House, whilst in the Lords three Peers were in attendance to receive the Address.

On Tuesday night, in addition to the incidents touched on above, the House of Commons was occupied three hours and a half in the discussion of a series of Private Bills. Mr. Storer, next coming forward with a motion in favour of Protection, wearied members fled, and at half-past eight the House was counted out. Wednesday was a peaceful afternoon, mainly devoted to consideration of Bills of Sale and the amendment of the Criminal Law. On Thursday the House resumed the debate on the Lords' Land Committee, which has wearily dragged through a fortnight with a growing conviction of its unreality.



MR. MILLAIS, R.A., has been elected a foreign Associate of the Paris Academy of Fine Arts.

CREMATION is being widely discussed in Belgium, where a society has been formed to promote this mode of sepulture.

AN ALLIGATOR FARM is the latest novel enterprise across the Atlantic. The farm is being formed in Louisiana, and is expected to yield large profits in oil and hides.

THE RESTORATION OF TELL'S CHAPEL ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE is nearly completed, and it is hoped that the building will be ready for the coming tourist season.

DUELLING IN GERMANY does not seem to be on the decrease, and lately the Empress Augusta sent a special message of condolence to the sister of a young Berlin banker who died in the Augusta Hospital from the effects of a duel.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SUNDAY SOCIETY VISITED THE GROSVENOR GALLERY on Sunday last, 560 persons arriving between 6 and 8 P.M. The Gallery is to be opened to the public next Sunday by tickets obtained through the Society.

A GEYSER has burst forth during some boring experiments near St. Etienne. At a depth of 1,500 feet a column of hot water strongly impregnated with carbonic acid suddenly shot up to a height of 89½ feet, resembling exactly the Icelandic geysers.

M. MUNKACSY, the now eminent Hungarian painter, was not esteemed a prodigy by his own countrymen in his youth. Some twenty years since he applied to the Pesth Society of Fine Arts for monetary assistance in order to carry on his studies. The Society gave him 6*l.*, reporting his case as "a mediocre talent to whom not more than 6*l.* could be granted." Shortly after young Munkacsy, who had gone to Vienna, sold a picture there for 12*l.*, and the Pesth Society, on hearing of the success, remarking that "the young fellow must have had more in him than they thought."

A GARFIELD MEMORIAL WINDOW has been erected at St. James's Episcopal Church, Long Branch, the last place of worship ever attended by the late President, who accompanied his wife there on the Sunday before he was shot. The window has been subscribed for exclusively by the congregation, in sums varying from 1*s.*, and is made in imitation of antique Venetian glass. In the centre is a portrait of the President, surrounded by a wreath of palm and laurel, symbolising victory and peace; below are thirteen stars emblematic of the thirteen States, and a brief inscription, and above are a cross and crown enclosed in passion flowers.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART IN INDIA is being much discussed in Bombay just now, consequent on a suggestion of the Superintendent of the Local School of Art to found an Art Museum and Picture Gallery. He complains that the finest Indian Art treasures are carried off for European and American collections, and suggests that these might therefore be gathered together in the museum, while the gallery would serve to contain pictures from the leading schools of European painters. Apart even from the salutary influence such an institution would have upon students, the *Times of India* sensibly points out what a boon it would be to Bombay, which is absolutely barren of any Art collection, for the benefit of its inhabitants.

GERMAN COOKERY is to be improved, and the Berlin cooks have been meeting to consult on the best means of promoting the culinary art. There is, by the bye, a "Union Universelle de l'Art Culinaire," which has branch establishments in all Continental capitals, and owns a journal of its own—its professed object being to promote the art of cooking by the study of all sciences in any way relating to alimentation and to raise the art to a science. This Union intends to memorialise the German Government to found a School of Cookery, and the Berlin cooks have accordingly formed a branch of the Union to assist the project. Those who have experienced the peculiarities of the Teutonic kitchen will agree that it is high time some alteration of the kind were made.

HARMONIES IN RED AND GREEN FOR HOUSE DECORATION have been introduced by some Transatlantic aesthetes, the New York *Christian Union* tells us. The rooms of the "Boston Paint and Clay Club" have been tinted from deep chocolate to pale orange, the chocolate appearing at the bottom of the wall, deep red about halfway up, orange at the edge of the ceiling, and the highest note of the colour at the skylight. More curious is a student's room in New York, where the walls of the room are treated in shades graduating from a black green at the floor to pale yellow at the ceiling which in its turn is graduated from green to yellow diagonally, from corner to corner—truly a "Greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery" arrangement. Turkish figures are then sketched over the background.

THE UNITED KINGDOM RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND SERVANTS' ASSOCIATION.—The Marquis of Salisbury presided at the Annual Festival of this Charity on the 8th inst. at the Cannon Street Hotels. The Charity was founded in 1863 to assist in those numerous cases of distress resulting from accidents which this class of people are exposed to. The aged and the orphans are also cared for as far as funds will permit, so that it is hoped that the public will increase their contributions to the funds, as all have the benefit of the services of these men, who for the most part are in receipt of very moderate wages. It was pointed out that if every one of the public would give but one farthing a year, a fund would be created amply sufficient to carry out the object of the Institution. The Marquis was well supported by a very influential company, and at the side tables a large body of railway employees dined. Subscriptions to the amount of 1,500*l.* were announced.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,790 deaths were registered, against 1,941 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 151, being 3 above the average, and at the rate of 24*o* per 1,000. There were 23 from small-pox (an increase of 15), 42 from measles (an increase of 7), 20 from scarlet fever (a decline of 14), 14 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 184 from whooping-cough (a decline of 1), 1 from typhus fever, 17 from enteric fever (a decline of 10), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 7 from diarrhoea and dysentery. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 470 (a decline of 75, and 31 below the average) of which 312 were attributed to bronchitis and 98 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths; 56 were the result of negligence or accident; 17 were infants under one year from suffocation. There were 2,589 births registered against 2,812 during the previous week, being 125 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 44.3 deg., and 4 deg. above the average.

MR. BARNUM'S ELEPHANTS do not appear to be rendered quite so mild by his treatment as reported, to judge by an anecdote told by the *American Register*. Recently a New York professor was studying the habits of elephants in Mr. Barnum's collection at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and one day the elephant Mandril seized the poor professor by the waist, swung him round the room, and, landing him on the window-sill, lunged furiously at his victim with his head. Fortunately the professor had rolled down the sill somewhat out of the animal's reach, and Mandril, hampered by his chains, could not reach him, but in his rage knocked a big hole

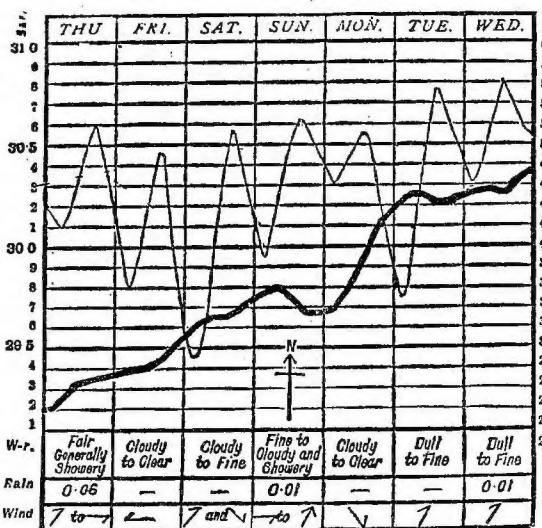
out of the side of his house. The keeper came to the rescue with a pitchfork, and the professor crawled out of harm's way with his clothes a mass of dirt and rags, and his head severely wounded. The elephant had been one of the most quiet and reliable of the herd, and his outbreak much surprised everybody. Mr. Barnum declares that last year his circus and menagerie cost him 600*l.* daily, and that this year the expenses will reach 1,000*l.* per diem.

MR. EDISON has now turned his attention to reaching the North Pole, and Lieutenant Hovgaard, who accompanied the late Nordenskiöld Expedition, described, in a recent lecture at Copenhagen, the *St. James's Gazette* tells us, his plan. Mr. Edison proposes to construct a huge sledge, 500 feet long by 50 feet wide and 50 feet in height, capable also of floating on the water. In this the explorers, having penetrated as far north as a ship could go, are to try to push themselves with long poles across the Arctic ice-fields. Lieutenant Hovgaard has an apparently more feasible project in view, *i.e.*, to start from Cape Tjelyuskin to Franz Josef Land, which he believes to extend to a distance nearly opposite the Cape, and thence penetrate to an unknown continent, existing, according to his theory, north of Wrangel Land, and separated from Franz Josef Land by a narrow sound. This continent, he considers, stretches across the North Pole, and communicates with the Arctic regions of the Atlantic. He bases his theory on observations taken during the voyage of the *Vega*, and the President of the Danish Geographical Society suggests that Denmark should send the explorer to prove his views.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ is working at two religious pictures for the coming Paris Salon. One, "Dieu Consolateur," is on a colossal scale, and represents a crowd of persons of all classes, beggars, soldiers, plebeians, and patricians, raising their hands in supplication towards a dazzling figure of Christ, who appears filling the skies with His glory. The other, "Vision Profane," depicts a monk playing the organ in a convent chapel, and gazing at a vision of a lovely woman. M. Doré will also show his statue of Alexandre Dumas, intended for the Place Malesherbes. The Paris Art world, by the way, is highly amused with the exhibition of "independent" painters, the pictures being even more odd and crude than usual. These impressionists are certainly very industrious, for one artist contributes thirty-five landscapes, another twenty-six works, and a third twenty-eight. One critic dubs the independent style "peinture au fusil," declaring that the artists cram a gun with different colours and discharge its contents on the canvas. Although the Parisians are growing somewhat weary of exhibitions, fresh collections continue to open, the latest addition being some charming works by Scandinavian artists, while the newly-formed Animal Painters' Society will shortly hold their inaugural display.

CHANNEL BALLOONING.—Colonel Brine and Mr. Simmons have tried their long-announced experiment, and though they have failed, and the failure must have cost them something considerable in a pecuniary sense, they have this time escaped with little personal inconvenience, a fact which may perhaps induce them to again venture upon a similar hazardous expedition. Before they do so, however, we think it incumbent upon them to make it clear to the world at large that any real substantial benefit to the progress of science is likely to accrue from such a voyage. The statement made by Mr. Lefevre to the effect that the laws regulating wind currents over the sea, differing from those over the land, can only be ascertained by means of balloons, is only half a truth; for it is clear that in this direction we need, not merely fitful and intermittent observations which are all that occasional balloon trips can afford; but close and constant observation extending over long periods, which ballooning in its present stage seems unable to help us to. For ourselves we cannot but look upon the feat in the same light as we regard dangerous acrobatic and other sensational performances, which are absolutely useless even when accomplished without disaster, and in which the peril challenged in so foolhardy a manner is the sole element which makes them attractive to a sensation-loving public. All those who read the accounts of the adventure must observe how entirely the aeronauts were at the mercy of the changeable wind while in the air, and how after their descent their rescue depended more upon a series of lucky accidents than upon the efficiency of the life-saving apparatus with which they had provided themselves; besides which it is very significant, though not at all surprising, that their signals were not understood by any of the vessels whose attention they sought to attract, including the *Foam*, for it was only upon seeing the balloon descend into the water that Captain Jutelet thought it needful to put back to their assistance.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM MARCH 2 TO MARCH 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although fair on the whole, has been cloudy and rather unsettled. At the beginning of the period a large depression which lay over northern England was producing moderate westerly breezes in our neighbourhood, and some heavy showers, but on Friday (3rd inst.), when the disturbance travelled southward over France, the wind shifted into east, and the weather became fine and bright. Temperature did not fall much, the effect of the change of wind being to a great extent counterbalanced by the warm sunshine that prevailed. On Saturday (4th inst.) fresh depressions were beginning to appear in the north, and the wind had returned to west and south-west, with a renewal of cloudy, showery weather. Since that time we have been continually under the influence of a series of rather important disturbances, which have been passing along to the north of Scotland. In the more northern parts of the kingdom each depression has caused strong south-westerly winds or gales, or rain, but in the south the weather has been simply cloudy, with a little very slight rain at times, and an occasional freshening of the wind. Temperature has been above the average throughout the week, and on Wednesday (8th inst.) the excess was nearly 10°. The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); lowest (29.20 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range, 1.04 inches. Temperature was highest (56°) on Wednesday (8th inst.); lowest (29°) on Saturday (4th inst.). Rain fell on three days; total amount, 0.08 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.08 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.).



MR. ROYLE

PRINCE OF WALDECK-PYRMONT PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY
PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK-PYRMONT HOF-MARSHAL BARON HADELN

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE
PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE PRINCESS OF WALDECK-PYRMONT

LIEUT. WILHELM

BARON STOCKHAUSEN THE HON. A. G. YORK

THE COMING ROYAL MARRIAGE-BALL AT THE PALACE OF AROLSSEN DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF PRINCE LEOPOLD: ENTRY OF THE ROYAL PARTY



FRANCE.—Rarely has France enjoyed such a period of complete political calm as at the present time. At peace with the world outside, there is also peace for the time being between the various parties. Both Monarchists and Radicals are singularly tranquil, and the most burning questions are now discussed in the Assembly after the most model Parliamentary fashion, with only an "incident" from irrepressible M. Paul de Cassagnac or some irreconcilable Legitimist to enliven the general matter-of-fact tone of debate. And yet the measures discussed are of no small importance. For instance, a Bill has been passed restoring to the Communes the right of electing their own Mayors, and extending that privilege to such towns as Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, Paris alone being excepted, as the choice of a man who can control an army of 20,000 officials and a revenue of 10,000,000*l.* should of necessity be made by the Executive Government, and not be left to the caprice of Paris electors. Then, again, the Government propose to restrict the power which the Minister of the Interior at present possesses of expelling an obnoxious foreigner, who will in future only be "conducted to the frontier," if he shall have been condemned in a court of law or by a decision of a Cabinet Council. On Tuesday also M. Boyssset brought in a Bill for abolishing the Concordat, and the Cabinet, while declining to advocate its adoption, recommended its discussion as affording an opportunity of fully debating the great question of the relations between State and Church, which it was felt had better be confronted, so as to pave the way for future solutions. The Chamber agreed to consider the proposal, and a bitterly fought contest may be expected upon this subject, which is regarded by all parties as one of the most burning problems of the day.

The attack on the Queen at Windsor excited great indignation amongst all classes in France, for Her Majesty is exceedingly popular across the Channel, even the extreme Radicals always quoting her as the very model of a Constitutional ruler. The British colony at Paris have sent the Queen an address of sympathy and congratulation through Lord Lyons, to which many American signatures have been attached. The *Univers*, in commenting upon the unanimity with which Ministerialists and Opposition in the British Parliament join in voting the Address to the Queen, regretfully remarks that "this agreement of the most discordant parties in devotion to the Crown is one of England's elements of strength, and explains why the old English Constitution has withstood revolutions and the dissolving influence of Parliamentarism." English affairs, however, have formed a general theme of discussion in the various journals this week, the Bradlaugh incident being fully treated; while the *Temps*, which can in no way be called a Conservative organ, has a remarkable article on Mr. Gladstone. After expressing concern at the prospect of England drifting towards democracy, or the "piecemeal unmaking of an ancient and glorious monarchy for the purpose of substituting nobody foresees what," it goes on to say that Mr. Gladstone "has laid the axe with which, when at leisure, he fells the trees on his Hawarden estate, at the root of all that is sacred and tutelary in England—Church, Property, and Parliament."

In PARIS the gaieties of the season are in full swing. There has been a brilliant ball at the Elysée, and a grand reception at the Foreign Office; while most people are recovering from the financial depression caused by the crash of the Union Générale some weeks since. Fortunately the main losses are confined to comparatively few persons, and those are chiefly of high rank and considerable fortune. The great mass of French people are far too keen-sighted to invest at a premium, and those who had money to keep preferred waiting to buying securities at absurdly high prices. Thus when the prices fell during the recent panic there was a general rush for *bond* *à* *forte* investments, and this in a great measure has restored the Bourse to its normal tone of confidence.—There have been several dramatic novelties—a grand ballet at the Opéra, *Namouna*, by M. Lalo, a three-act comedy at the Odéon, *Mon Fils*, by M. Emile Guirard, and a five-act drama at the Château d'Eau, *Pierre Vaux l'Instituteur*, by M. Jonathan, a tragic tale of a schoolmaster falsely condemned to Cayenne for incendiarism, and who dies at the moment he is declared innocent, and reprieved.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The chief incident of the week has been the proclamation of Prince Milan as King of SERBIA, an event which has been expected ever since the elevation of Prince Charles of Roumania to monarchical rank, and therefore has taken no one by surprise. The chief opposition was looked for from Austria, but as that Power, like all the other European Governments, had been previously consulted, and had consented, she, to avoid all suspicion, has been first in the field with her congratulations, though the official journal significantly remarks that "the increase of honour and dignity can only tend to strengthen the obligation Serbia is under of faithfully observing the agreements which bind the members of the community of European States." The manner in which the Princedom was elevated into a Monarchy was exceedingly simple. On the 6th inst. the President of the Skupstchina rose and said, "Gentlemen of the Serbian National Assembly, I believe you will agree with me that the time has now arrived when we should declare our country a Kingdom, and our Prince King of Serbia." This was received with a loud burst of applause, and the Deputies started for the Palace to offer their congratulations. In the afternoon King Milan received the oath of the officers and soldiers of the garrison at Belgrade. The Skupstchina then proceeded to draw up a Bill defining the rights and prerogatives of the King and the Heir-Apparent. On Tuesday the King issued a proclamation, notifying to his people that he had accepted the Kingly title. The political edifice, founded fifty years ago by Prince Milosch Obrenovitch, had now been worthily crowned. "The Skupstchina," he continued, "has restored the most ancient kingly throne in Europe," and he concluded by invoking the spirit of the Dynasty which occupied the throne of Serbia 500 years ago.

In the HERZEGOVINA the Austrian troops are making but little progress owing to the singularly bad weather. Ulok has been occupied by General Czveits after some sharp fighting, while numerous encounters have taken place between the troops and the insurgents in other directions, in which both parties claim the victory. Both Mahomedans and Christians fight in the insurgent ranks, and there is no doubt that the progress of the Austrians is far slower and less successful than had been anticipated, the Herzegovinians showing admirable talent for guerilla warfare. General Skobelev has passed through Vienna on his way to St. Petersburg. At Vienna, in a conversation with a friend, he declared that in his now famous speech he alluded especially to the Prussians, and not to the South Germans or the Austrians. He expected to be reprimanded when he returned home, but he professed himself willing to await the next war, "When my time will come again." Mr. Evans, the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was ordered to leave Gravosa on Monday, neglected to do so, and was accordingly arrested as he was embarking on the Austrian Lloyd's steamer on Wednesday.

In TURKEY Proper there is apparently no little expectation that the crisis in Egypt will be eventually solved by an occupation by Ottoman troops, under the protection of Germany, and it is stated

that military preparations are accordingly being made, not only for this purpose, but in the eventuality of a war breaking out between Russia and Austria, when a Pan Slavonic outbreak would seriously threaten Ottoman as well as Austrian domination. The Sultan gave a magnificent farewell dinner to Prince Radziwill and his suite before their return to Germany, and is reported to have expressed his wish to visit Berlin during the ensuing summer. Other topics have been the negotiations for the settlement of the Russian indemnity question, in which Mr. Foster is acting as mediator between the Russian and Ottoman delegates; and the further arrest of Albanians in connection with the murder of the late Captain Selby.

RUSSIA.—General Skobelev has returned to St. Petersburg, and received a popular ovation at the railway station, it being significantly remarked that no high officials or persons of any position were amongst those who welcomed him. He does not at present appear to have seen the Czar, though, according to the *Paris*, His Majesty has given him a private interview, but what took place the correspondent of course does not know. At Warsaw the General made another significant speech, this time at a luncheon bar, where he indulged in an eulogy of the Poles, and declared that he sincerely desired them "to form one body with us, as Serbia and Bulgaria should do. Are we not all brethren?" he continued. "You must consider that if there were no Russian garrison here you would have a German one." He alluded to his having commanded the 16th Regiment, of which the officers were all Poles, and concluding by raising his glass as the representative of the Russian nation, and drinking to "Our Common Fatherland." This speech, when taken in connection with the foundation by Count Ignatieff of a Chair for Polish Language and Literature at the Warsaw University is regarded as somewhat significant of Russia's wish to conciliate the Poles, and counteract the influence which of late years Austria has been bringing to bear upon them.

The Czar still lives in retirement at Gatschina, practically in an entrenched camp, and it is said that his protecting garrison is to be increased by the addition of several thousand men.—Further arrests of Nihilists have been made at Odessa, and the death is announced of Jesse Helfman, who was condemned to death for complicity in the late Czar's assassination, but subsequently respited.—The *Official Messenger* states that the new treaty with Persia provides for a well-defined boundary line coterminous with the provinces of Bourjnourd, Koutchan, and Deregeh, which are counted amongst the most fertile in Persia.—The new Customs tariff for Central Asia has been completed, by which all Anglo-Indian goods, with the exception of tea, muslin, and indigo, are absolutely prohibited, as also Persian, Turkish, French, and other European goods generally. The duty on Anglo-Indian tea is 10*l.* a pound, on muslin about 2*l.* a pound, and on indigo 4½*d.* per pound.

GERMANY.—The attempt on the Queen's life excited the greatest sympathy in Berlin, where on Sunday at the Protestant Cathedral, the preacher referred to the event, and thanked Providence for shielding Her Majesty from the hand of the assassin. The Empress and other members of the Royal Family were present at the service, and our Ambassador, Lord Amthill, has been overwhelmed with cards, inquiries, and congratulations from all circles.

There is little political news save that Prince Bismarck has received a majority in the Select Committee commending his act semi-repealing the May Church Laws, and that there is every probability of his obtaining a majority in the Federal Council for his Tobacco Monopoly Bill. On this Prince Bismarck has completely set his heart, as he is bent on as far as possible securing a revenue to the State which will render the Government more independent of the yearly Budget which hostile Parliaments have in olden days so frequently refused to vote, and of the contributions from the various Federal States which make up Imperial deficits. It is thought that if necessary he will once more appeal to the country on this ground.—The emigration returns continue to increase, and during January and February 12,655 emigrants have sailed from Hamburg, against 5,812 and 3,757 in 1881 and 1880.

INDIA.—A long and explicit summary of the Indian budget statement has been published. The accounts for 1880-1 show that the revenue amounted to 72,560,000*l.* and the expenditure to 76,604,000*l.*, the deficit thus being 4,044,000*l.* This, however, is better than the estimated deficit by 2,175,000*l.* Excluding the war contribution from England or the war expenditure the revenue amounted to 69,262,000*l.* and the expenditure to 62,942,000*l.*, so that had it not been for the war there would have been a surplus of 6,320,000*l.* For 1881-2 there is an estimated surplus of 1,577,000*l.* For the forthcoming year it is announced that the pay of the subordinate native executive service will be increased, that there will be slight remissions of taxation in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, and there are to be certain measures taken for further decentralisation by handing over provincial items of expenditure to local boards. The total cost of the Afghan War is now placed at 21,611,000*l.*, namely, 17,551,000*l.* for military operations, and 4,060,000*l.* for frontier railways. There has been a total famine insurance expenditure of 1,500,000*l.* during the year. With regard to the financial year 1882-3 the document deals fully with the opium question, the revenue thence being estimated at 7,250,000*l.* The salt duty is to be reduced, while with regard to the Customs duties it has been resolved to abolish all import dues except on wine, beer, spirits, liqueurs, arms and ammunition, salt and opium. Respecting the obnoxious licence tax, the Government recognises the evils of the system, but does not propose any change at present.

There is little news from AFGHANISTAN. The Ameer seems to have abandoned for the present the idea of paying a visit to India, and is expected to start shortly for Herat *via* Candahar. At the request of the Ameer, Rissidar Mahomed Afzul Khan Bahadour, C.S.I., of the 11th Bengal Lancers, has been appointed British Agent at Cabul. This officer was one of the native aides-de-camp attached to the staff of the Prince of Wales during his visit to India, and did good political service in the late war.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Nearly every nation has expressed its sympathies with the Queen, and has sent its congratulations on her escape from the murderous attempt of last week. In the UNITED STATES, where Her Majesty's warm sympathy and condolence with Mrs. Garfield and the American people on the death of the late President are still remembered, this has especially been the case, and apart from the official congratulatory telegram the Press has universally expressed its gratification at the Queen's escape, and its detestation for the crime. The chief home topic in the United States has been the disastrous floods in the Mississippi districts, which have rendered 50,000 persons homeless, and are spreading further and further every day, a terrible amount of suffering being caused. Twenty thousand persons are receiving Government relief, and strong bodies of men are busy strengthening the levees in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Mr. Conkling has refused to accept the post of Justice of the Supreme Court which President Arthur offered him.—In ITALY seven new Cardinals are to be created at the next Consistory, one of whom will be Archbishop McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin.—In SWITZERLAND there is a financial crisis, owing to the last settlement on the Bourse being unsatisfactory,—the losses of the public and brokers being estimated at 1,600,000*l.*,—and to the absconding of a Geneva banker with funds belonging to the Caisse Hypothécaire, an institution for making advances to peasant proprietors.—In SOUTH AMERICA a truce has been concluded between Chili and Bolivia, while favourable negotiations are being conducted between Chili and

Peru.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Basuto difficulty is regarded as very serious, and a *Times* telegram asserts that Lord Kimberley's assent to the confiscation and the ultimatum of the Government unite the Basutos as a tribe. They say, "We will die with the country."



THE QUEEN has in no way suffered from the attempt on Her Majesty's life, of which full details will be found in another column. On the contrary, the Queen has fulfilled her public duties as usual, holding an investiture of St. Michael and St. George and giving a dinner party on the day following the attempt. Messages of congratulation on Her Majesty's providential escape have poured in from all parts of England and the Continent, Earl Sydney presenting the congratulations of the Household on Saturday, and on Sunday thanksgivings were offered in all British churches, special prayers being used in the Service in the Private Chapel at Windsor, where the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended in the morning. In the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess drove in the Long Walk, and the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service at St. George's, while later the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley and the Rev. J. J. Hornby, head-master of Eton College, joined the Royal party at dinner. The Eton boys were received by the Queen on Monday morning to present a congratulatory address, when several of the head boys and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's two sons were presented to Her Majesty. Shortly afterwards the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived, and subsequently the Empress of Austria lunched with the Queen. The Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold met the Empress at the station, and accompanied her there on her departure, while the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Christian received her at the Castle entrance. The Prince and Princess of Wales also left in the afternoon. On Tuesday the Mayor of Windsor and a number of the town officials presented to the Queen a congratulatory address from the inhabitants, and in the afternoon the Ex-Empress Eugénie arrived on a short visit. The ex-Empress left on Wednesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Lord Kenmare arrived, Mr. Gladstone having audience of the Queen to present an Address from the Houses of Parliament. Yesterday (Friday) Her Majesty was to hold a Council. The Queen and Princess Beatrice leave England on Tuesday, crossing from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, whence they travel straight to Mentone without stopping at Paris, and are expected to reach the Châlet des Rosiers on Thursday afternoon. The Queen's memorial to Lord Beaconsfield has been erected in Hughenden Church, just above the place where he used to sit.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday went to the races at Sandown Park, and in the evening the Prince and Princess gave a large dinner-party at Marlborough House, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh being amongst the guests. After dinner a small concert was given before the visitors by the members of the Amateur Orchestral Society. Next day the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service in the morning, while the three young Princesses in the afternoon went to the Children's Service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh also being amongst the congregation. On Monday the Prince and Princess visited the Queen, and on their return the Prince went to the House of Lords to be present at the introduction of the Congratulatory Address from the House to the Queen. On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess dined with the Earl and Countess Stanhope. On Wednesday they went to the first performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, and on Thursday the Prince held a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen. Yesterday (Friday) was the nineteenth anniversary of the Prince and Princess's marriage, and they were to give a grand ball in honour of the day. On Monday the Prince presides at the General Meeting of the Governors of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education. The Prince and Princess will spend two days at Bradford in the middle of June, staying with Mr. Titus Salt at Milnerfield, when, besides opening the Technical School, they will attend a bazaar on behalf of the Church Institute.

Prince Leopold's bride elect, Princess Helen of Waldeck, left England with her father at the end of last week for Arolsen, Princess Louise and Prince Leopold seeing them off. Preparations for their marriage are now in full progress, Prince Leopold has ordered a new special tartan to be manufactured for his wedding day, and Claremont is being thoroughly renovated and decorated in most artistic style for the young couple. The ceilings throughout the house are elaborately painted, the Prince's study is being furnished in dark Pompeian red, with white woodwork bookcases, and his dressing-room in blue and white, with curtains worked by the School of Art Needlework. The future Duchess's boudoir is to be peacock blue and gold, her dressing-room will be furnished in Louis XVI. style—rose du Barri and gold, with white woodwork, and the bedroom will be cream and gold with *velours* coverings to the furniture. From Windsor the bride will receive a bracelet as a wedding gift.

The Duchess of Connaught continues to improve in health, and on Wednesday attended a service in the private chapel of the Castle to return thanks for her recovery. Her baby girl is to be christened in the Private Chapel, Windsor, to-day (Saturday), a large number of visitors being expected.—The Crown Princess of Germany is suffering from an ophthalmic affection, and is obliged to keep her room. Though trying, her illness is not serious.—The Empress of Austria hunted daily previous to her departure from Cheshire. Lord Combermere and a large crowd assembled to see her off, the Empress presenting Lord Combermere with a gold and diamond snuff-box, in memory of her visit. After visiting Windsor, Her Majesty crossed on Monday night from Dover to Calais, and reached Paris next morning, where she will spend a short time before returning to Vienna.—The Queen on Saxony has gone to Mentone for her health, and has now been joined by the King.



THANKSGIVING SERVICES for the deliverance of Her Majesty the Queen from the peril to which she had been exposed were (in compliance with a request issued by the Primate) held in all the churches of the metropolis and throughout the country; as well as at most of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, Nonconformist Chapels, and Jewish Synagogues, whilst at many places of worship the National Anthem was played upon the organ. Pulpit references to the attack were also very general, the preachers expressing abhorrence of the crime, and great thankfulness that Her Majesty had escaped unhurt.

A DIOCESAN CONFERENCE FOR LONDON.—The meeting convened by the Bishop of London was held at Willis's Rooms on

Tuesday, and was extremely well attended, both by clergy and laity. Dr. Jackson made an interesting statement. After referring to the fact of the establishment of Diocesan Conferences in almost every Diocese in England and Wales as practical evidence of their utility, he said that in London there were now over 180 lay readers, 3,000 registered lay helpers, and 300 ladies of all ranks employed in the endeavour to promote religion and morality throughout the Diocese. He then briefly sketched the plan for the constitution and standing orders of the Conference, which had been drawn up by a committee of the clergy, headed by Archdeacon Hessey. The great difficulty was to get a fair representation of the laity, and the plan suggested, was to allot to each rural deanery a number proportionate to its population and the importance of the parishes it contained. Sir R. Cross was chief amongst the other speakers, and resolutions were unanimously adopted declaring that it was desirable to establish a diocesan conference for London, and that the meeting, considering that the proposed scheme would secure as adequate a representation of the laity as is practicable under the peculiar circumstances of the Diocese, would gladly aid the Lord Bishop in carrying it out.

THE BEACONSFIELD MEMORIAL TABLET in Hughenden Church has just been completed, and placed in position immediately above the seat habitually occupied by the late Earl. It contains a striking profile portrait, carved in marble, beneath which is the following dedication, penned by Her Majesty herself: "To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate Sovereign and friend Victoria R.I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right.'—Proverbs xvi. 13. February 27, 1882."

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.—The Grand National Orange Council of England, Ireland, and Scotland held a meeting on Monday at the National Club, under the presidency of Mr. A. Miller, Q.C., and passed a resolution expressing regret that a motion for the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland was about to be made in Parliament, a motion "fraught with danger to religion and society, and one which calls for the utmost opposition of all true Orangemen in the United Kingdom." Petitions to both Houses of Parliament were adopted, and all Orangemen were recommended to make the matter a test question before voting for any Parliamentary candidate.

SALE OF CHURCH LIVINGS.—On Tuesday, at a meeting of the Central Committee of Diocesan Conferences held at the National Society's Offices, Westminster, a resolution was adopted declaring "That, in view of the report of the Royal Commission of 1879 and the decision of the Diocesan Conferences, the most strenuous efforts should be made to obtain the passing of an Act without delay; which should enforce the principle that patronage partakes of the nature of a trust to be exercised for the spiritual benefit of the parishioners, and should contain clauses for the abolition of the sale of next presentations; for the due regulation and registration of the sale of advowsons; for the conversion of all donative into presentative benefices; and for giving increased powers to the Bishop to refuse institution in certain cases, and under express limitations and conditions."

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, FOREST GATE, which is a newly-erected edifice, was last week the scene of a sacrilegious attempt at arson; some unknown persons having obtained access to the adjoining vestry-room and set fire to the reading-desk, lectern, organ, and other furniture, with the object it is supposed of destroying the entire building by an explosion of gas. The fire was, however, discovered by a policeman, and subdued, though not before a great deal of damage had been done. The Rev. W. H. Donovan, vicar, is making an effort to wipe off the building debt, and some thousands of his circular appeals, stamped ready for posting, were destroyed.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—At Basingstoke, on Sunday, a procession of Salvationists was set upon by a rough mob, and members of the Army, of both sexes, were seriously beaten and then rolled into a muddy stream. Some respectable townfolk, who remonstrated, were threatened with like treatment, whilst two magistrates, who were known as having tried to afford protection to the Army, were hooted and threatened, and had to take refuge in the house of another magistrate, near the scene of the riot.

A NEW SYNAGOGUE.—On Sunday the memorial stone of the new Synagogue now in course of erection in Abbey Street, St. John's Wood, was laid by Mr. L. L. Cohen, Vice-President of the United Synagogue. The building, which will cost 12,000*l.*, will accommodate a congregation of 500 persons.

SOME SECULARIST FUNERALS having recently taken place in the public cemetery at Kidderminster, the Borough Board have taken counsel's opinions as to their power of interfering with any such in future. The opinion is to the effect that a mere oration over a dead body is not a "service" within the meaning of the Burial Act, and that atheists have no right to use the Nonconformist chapels at the cemetery. The Board, however, cannot prevent any Burial Service unless it is blasphemous or tends to a breach of the peace, in either of which events the persons who deliver the address would be liable to fine or imprisonment.



CARL ROSA COMPANY.—Mr. Rosa, in accordance with his promise (as usual), brought forward once more Wagner's early opera, *Rienzi*, with Herr Schott as the Roman Tribune and Madame Valleria as Irene. Herr Schott's *Rienzi*, his imposing demeanour, dignified acting, and skilful equestrianism, have been more than once commented on, and call for no further remark. That he is a favourite with all lovers of Wagner's music (even in its "Meyerbeer-cum-Spontini form," as a well-known music critic happily expresses it), is evident; and on Monday night he was warmly applauded throughout his performance. Madame Valleria, one of the best vocalists and most intelligent actresses that ever came from the "New World" to the "Old," achieved, by her impersonation of Irene, a success as legitimate as it was amply deserved. Miss Yorke was an excellent Adrian; the subordinate parts were competently filled, and the *mise-en-scène* was irreproachable. Mr. Randegger conducted. Next week Mr. Rosa takes his company to the Standard Theatre.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S CONCERT.—Mr. Bache, like a staunch apostle, is not to be driven from the path he has marked out for himself. For ten years he has persistently preached the gospel of himself, Franz Liszt, to very little purpose. He must spend a great deal of money, for he has always a fine orchestra, while of Liszt's pianoforte concertos he has been himself the enthusiastic interpreter. Nevertheless he has made few proselytes in this country; and no wonder, inasmuch he has made just as few in Austro-Hungary, his native land, and still fewer in Germany proper, where he has long been admired as a "virtuoso," but never regarded as a composer entitled to much consideration. Mr. Bache, however, pins his whole faith upon him, and year after year emphatically avows his allegiance in spite of adverse opinion from the public and the press. We look with respect on such doughty championship; but where, in lieu of the wonderful things we are taught to expect, we discern nothing but what Wagner (speaking of Berlioz) designates

as "spectral bones and ribs" (thus literally expressed by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman in his translation of that very curious treatise, *Oper und Drama*), we become more or less sceptical. Two of the feeblest attempts of Liszt to set poetry to music are unquestionably the *Mephisto Walzer* and *A Faust Symphony*; and these, as if in defiance of general opinion, were allowed to engross almost the entire programme, the only other piece being the *Fest-Marsch*, written for the commemoration of Goethe's centenary at Weimar (August, 1849). A programme consisting exclusively of music by Liszt may be acceptable to some enthusiasts in a wrong path, but happily not to many. Mr. Barton M'Guckin sang the tenor part in the *Faust* symphony, and Mr. Bache conducted the whole. He ought, at least, to have given his admirers a pianoforte concerto, which would have afforded an agreeable diversion.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—It is almost enough to say that Madame Schumann ("Clara Wieck") has come back to us once more, and that on Monday night St. James's Hall was crowded to overflowing. Schumann's widow is still in spirit Schumann's wife, as her noble interpretation of his "Fantasia" in C major plainly showed. Her reception was just what might have been expected—enthusiastic. She played only his one piece; but that was enough to convince every one among the audience that a great artist was before them. Then we had Joachim, leading the E minor quartet of Beethoven, and playing more superbly than ever Bach's *Chaconne*. No more need be said to prove that the concert was one of more than common interest. The singer was Miss Spenser Jones, who seems to be rapidly making way.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The most important item perhaps in Wednesday evening's programme was "Softly Sighs," from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, admirably delivered by Madame Marie Roze. Mr. F. Boyle took the place of Mr. Edward Lloyd, and gave great pleasure by his singing of "The Distant Shore." Next Wednesday will be produced a new patriotic song by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, entitled "Hands all Round," the music by Mr. C. V. Stanford.

WAGNERS.—Beethoven's allegorical ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* (chiefly known here by its overture *The Men of Prometheus*) has been revived at the Hanover Theatre Royal.—The famous German tenor, Tichatscheck, contemporary of the equally famous dramatic soprano, Schroeder Devrient (in her prime), has had an attack of apoplexy, from which, however, hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery.—The death in Paris, of Herr Alfred Jaell, so frequent a visitor to this country, will be heard of with regret by all admirers of legitimate pianoforte playing.—A new theatre is being erected in Madrid, to be entitled the Teatro Calderon.—The indomitable tenor, Tamberlik, is performing with his own "troop" of dramatic singers at Santander.—The performances of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of Herr Anton Seidl, who appears to have taken the place previously held by Dr. von Bülow, and afterwards by Hans Richter, in the affections of the Bayreuth master commence on the 5th of May. All amateurs will be curious to see and hear Albert Niemann, for years reputed the "Wagnerian tenor" without rival—the greatest impersonator of Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, and Tristan.—Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Scandinavian Symphony* has had the same cordial reception at Pesth as at Vienna. It was performed by the Philharmonic Society on the 1st inst., under the direction of the composer himself, and every movement applauded with enthusiasm. The symphony is also to be given at Stuttgart on Tuesday next.—Mr. Cowen has been invited by the Philharmonic Society in Vienna to write a new work expressly for them. That he has consented "goes without saying." Such news should be encouraging to English musicians.—Among recent deaths is to be noted that of M. Frederic Szavady, Hungarian by birth, politician by calling, and chiefly known to the musical world as husband of the gifted pianist, Wilhelmina Clauss, many years ago so popular a favourite in this country.—Madame Adelina Patti, who has been everywhere successful in her tour with Mr. Abbey, has now agreed, contrary to early intentions, to give a series of dramatic performances in New York—not at the theatre (the "Academy") over which Mr. Mapleson reigns supreme, but at the "Germania." The *Barbiere*, *Sonnambula*, *Traviata*, and *Donorah* are among the operas in which she is to assume the leading parts.—Herr Richter has done another good turn for aspiring English musicians in introducing Mr. Eugène d'Albert to the Viennese connoisseurs, both as pianist and composer. Mr. d'Albert played the concerto which gained him such well-merited applause last year at St. James's Hall, and created such an impression as to justify all that has been said and written in his praise on this side the Atlantic.—The death of Theodora Kullak, the once famous pianist and composer for the pianoforte, is announced, to the great regret of many of his old pupils.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" FROM AN OLYMPIAN POINT OF VIEW

THE gallery of Mr. Irving's theatre is not much better or much worse than that of other theatres. It is, as is the way of galleries, somewhat high, somewhat crowded, and somewhat hot. Its audience, however, is of a decidedly superior class, a class composed mainly of regular theatre-goers, who understand, appreciate, and criticise with the same avidity and little less acuteness than their wealthier brethren, who sit, like stalled oxen, below them. It is a class, moreover, which proves its love of the theatre in a most palpable and self-sacrificing manner; by a long afternoon's waiting before the doors in a compact crowd, seriously incommoded by umbrellas, elbows, and angular packets of refreshments; a most loyal proof that few of Mr. Irving's moneyed patrons would have the courage to display.

An hour passed in the midst of this crowd is not unprofitably spent; strange odds and ends of theatrical history and gossip may be picked up. The crowd at the pit door may be more exacting and critical (though I doubt it), but give me the gallery crowd for rough-and-ready reminiscences.

Three old men, an elderly dame, and a little boy are eating sandwiches and buns, washed down by a bottle of Bass, and making a dessert of oranges; the old men are vigorously disputing as to the merits of the rival Juliets that they in their time have seen.

The oldest of the three, a very, very old man, dated his earliest theatrical experience back to the beautiful Miss O'Neill—somewhere about 1815; he did not remember much of the performance, being a child at the time, beyond a tripe supper in Maiden Lane afterwards. Frances Ann Kemble was his next citation; "a clever woman, come of a good stock, was very nervous, and had heard that she used to cry bitterly between every act."

Another old man broke in with a memory of Miss Helen Faucit playing in 1833, or thereabouts, to the *Romeo* of Charles Kemble. "Hadden't she married some literary feller and been made a lady?"—he evidently thought the recognition of her talents had been somewhat tardy.

The elderly female, wife to one of the old stagers, had fond recollections of Miss Cushman as *Romeo*. "She did look lovely, she did, for all the world like my Joe afore he wore a beard"—not a complimentary allusion to Miss Cushman's beauty, judging from "Joe's" parents.

A young man who had been listening to their argument here interrupted them by saying that "he didn't think much of these 'ere hold hactresses, he didn't, and wot's more, he didn't believe in those blooming balmy days of the dramer. Give 'im poor Neilson and 'Arry Conway; lor! there's a pair for yer, if yer like! 'Andsome!

why there ain't no words for 'er; poor dear creature, she died, and he went to 'er funeral down at Brompton."

"Wot's the name o' that 'ere foreign hactress that played Juliet last year?" continued the youthful irrepressible.

"Mojesky, wasn't it?"

The lady put in her word again, and wanted to know if we remembered Miss Kate Terry, who, with a charming inconsistency for dates and relationship, she designated as Miss Ellen Terry's mother. She saw her last appearance, she did; that was a sight, she remembered the date as being two days afore her two girls caught the scarlet fever, and that was the 2nd of September, 1867. Oh yes! and what a lot of flowers, seemed like all Covent Garden, except the vegetables, chucked on to the stage, and such cheering "as never was."

Then her husband indulged in a bit of homely chaff.

"Ah yes, Sarah, that was when yer was young and lovely."

"Go along, yer stupid old man," was the uxorial rejoinder, playfully emphasised by a violent dig in the ribs.

Then came the evening papers, and sundry halfpennies were expended in *Evening News* and *Hekkers* (the latter predominating; politicians please note). Questions of Bradlaugh, the Clôture (pronounced "Clotture"), Hatton Garden Robbery, and the Queen's escape, were freely discussed. Then as the time of opening the doors drew near, there prevailed a general air of pull yourselves together, screw your hat on your head, clench your teeth, and put your best foot foremost. Ten minutes more, and conversation droops, the necessary coin is firmly clenched to prevent delay at the box office, and a business-like air of firmness pervades all countenances. Five minutes more, three minutes more, and at last, after one or two false alarms, the suggestive clanking of bolts is heard, the door is thrown wide open, and a terrible scene of brute strength, of which the less said the better, takes place.

The top of the gallery stairs is reached, a rush made for front places, five minutes' clatter of hob-nailed boots on wooden seats, and half the crowd that stood in the street has found room in the theatre.

All is comparatively peace again, and what with studying the programmes, settling down, and squaring elbows, silence reigns for a space, soon, however, to be broken by mutual friendly recognitions from one side of the gallery to the other.

"Ullo, Bill, 'ow are you getting on?"

"First rate, where's Tom?"

"Somewheres behind."

"Any room over there, Joe?"

"Tight as herrings in a barrel."

"So are we; case of sardines I guess, only there ain't no 'oil.'"

"No, that's on yer 'air, Bill." Cheers and shouts of laughter.

"Got the old woman with you, Bob?"

"Yes, 'ere she is; speak up, old gal!"—and so a lively conversation is kept up, noisy if you will, but not rowdy—general decorum and goodwill prevails.

The house begins gradually to fill, remarks are made on the occupants of the stalls; people are recognised and likenesses found that are startling in their glaring dissimilarity. An eminent critic is mistaken for Mr. Gladstone, and a noble lord for "that feller Labouchere;" the ladies' dresses are freely criticised, and one indignant husband remarks to his spouse, "If I wos that 'ere woman's 'usband, I'd make 'er wear more clothes to her back, I would."

The house is full, and the overture played; breathless silence prevails. The curtain draws up. A wonderful silence ensues, truly remarkable, alike to nothing so much as to the congregation of a church, an absolute, complete, and breathless silence; not even the popular "oh my" breaks the quiet.

It would be interesting to compute and analyse the feelings that the stage picture produces upon this motley collection of lesser-educated minds. It is a great fact, and, moreover, an indisputable one, that open and frank appreciation of the glories of the poet and glamour of the stage is in no way disproportionate to the lore and learning of Olympus, and that though the niceties of diction and decoration may be lost on them, yet they in no wise fail to acknowledge the general beauty of the outline of the whole.

By far the majority of the population of Olympus was of the sterner sex; but, to their credit, be it said that those points which were appreciable at that height found quicker acknowledgment from the Dianas, Hebes, and Junos, clustered above the chandeliers, than from their respective lords and masters.

During the whole act the stage had all the attention of the spectators, and it was not till the first *entr'acte* that criticism broke forth. Mr. Irving had been vigorously clapped on his entrance, as also Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, and Miss Terry, but as soon as the curtain dropped, conversation became general, and from the disjointed pieces it could only be gathered that Mr. Irving was beautifully dressed, that Miss Terry was sweetly charming, that the Prince and Princess were in the house, that Mr. Sala had split his gloves in clapping, that the bouquets were "awfully valuable." Questions were asked as to whether Chorus wore green gloves by precedent, whether the wonderful curtains were painted or worked, and whether *Truth* had not maliciously maligned the gallery in his lately published tirade.

Mrs. Stirling's reappearance brought forth a flood of reminiscences; some one said she had made her first appearance in London in Juliet; and she was recollected with delight as Olivia, Peg Woffington, and Lady Teazle. The mob fight was decided to be the best ever seen in London.

"Beats them German fellows at Drury Lane last year all to fits."

The second act was again listened to in breathless silence, the balcony scene and Juliet's comedy scene with the Nurse eliciting enormous applause. Miss Terry excited universal admiration, her beauty, grace, distinct utterance, impassioned love, graceful comedy, and exquisite dress were all brought forward for special praise. Mr. Terriss's Queen Mab speech was also considered good; the old stagers called him affected and noisy, but he mightily pleased the female portion of the gallery; his gorgeous red plush cloak being much admired.

An objection was raised, with some truth, that Mrs. Stirling's Nurse was quite impossibly old, seeing in what capacity she is understood to stand to Juliet; her dress was speedily recognised as copied from Macclise's picture.

The third and fourth acts passed also amid loud expressions of approval, and Miss Terry was admirably adored by the younger portion, and condescendingly approved of by the old stagers; a sort of verdict of "She'll do" was proposed, and unanimously passed.

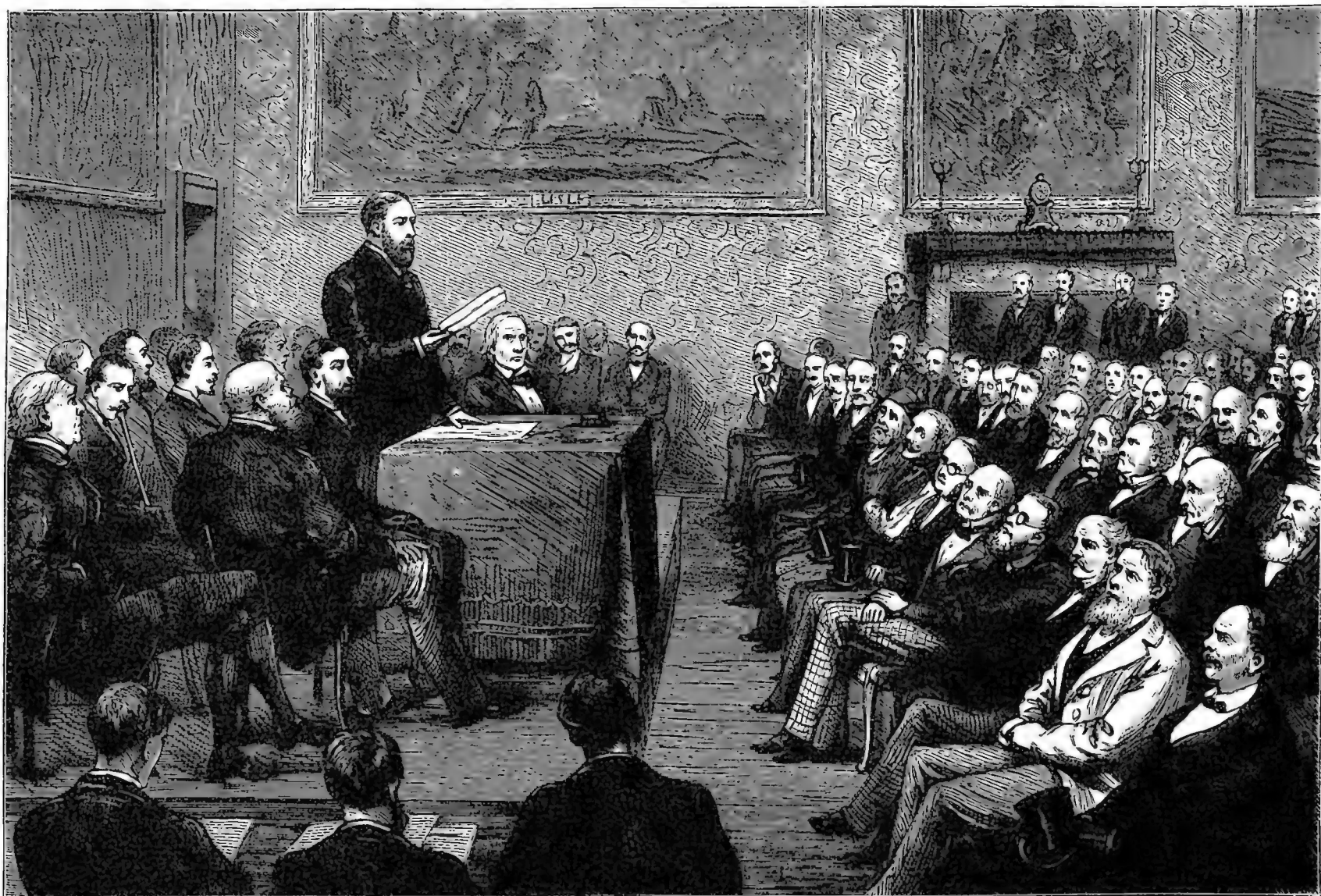
The fifth act surprised every one by its daring innovations and marvellous completeness; without a dissentient voice it was pronounced "superb." To sum up, the scenery and costumes met with the very heartiest and most enthusiastic admiration; the acting was discriminatingly discussed, and the whole performance graciously approved.

The expressions of opinion on Mr. Irving have been purposely left to the last. They are varied; and, it must be confessed, on the whole, the gallery did not understand him—he was somewhat too complicated for them, they could not penetrate the acting and arrive at the reading; his appearance was applauded more in honour to the man as a manager than as an actor. His little speech at the end, somewhat tame though it was, showed how the man as a man is admired and appreciated; the final chorus on leaving the theatre was the unanimous refrain of "He's a wonderful man; what a splendid performance; what gorgeous scenery; did you understand what he said? How funnily he walks!"

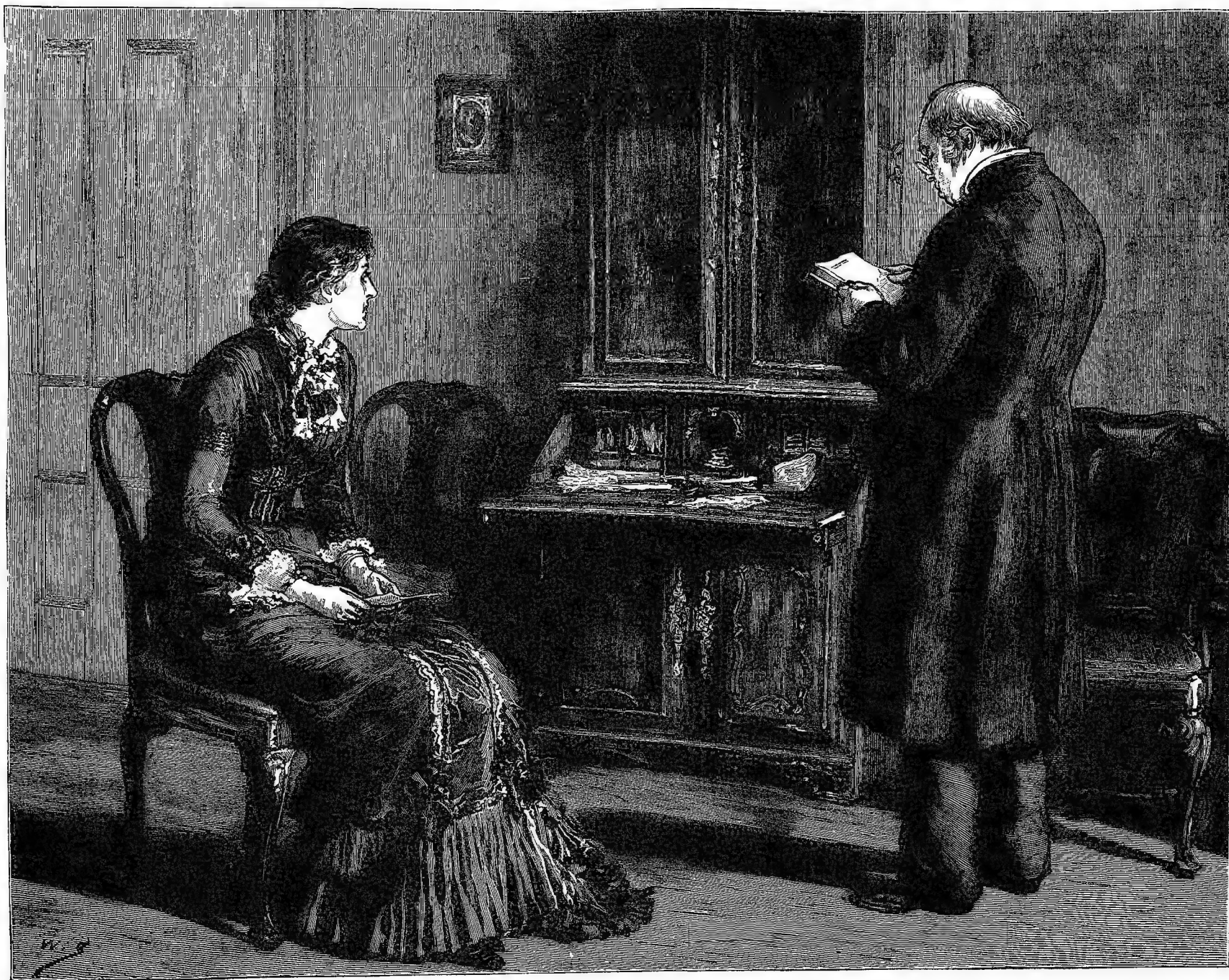
FRANK SCHLOSSER



FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN SELBY, R.N., IN THE BRITISH CEMETERY, SCUTARI



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC — THE PRINCE OF WALES ADDRESSING THE MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Mr. Greenwood had gradually trained himself to say and to hear all manner of evil things about Lady Frances in the presence of the Marchioness.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. DEMIJOHN'S PARTY

"MRS. DEMIJOHN presents her compliments to Mr. Crocker, and begs the honour of his company to tea at nine o'clock on Wednesday, 31st of December, to see the New Year in."

"R.I.V.P."

(Do come, C.D.)

"10, Paradise Row, Holloway."

"29th December, 18—"

This note was delivered to Crocker on his arrival at his office on the morning of Saturday, the 27th.

It must be explained that Crocker had lately made the acquaintance of Miss Clara Demijohn without any very formal introduction. Crocker, with that determination which marked his character, in pursuit of the one present purpose of his mind to effect a friendly reconciliation with George Roden, had taken himself down to Holloway, and had called at No. 11, thinking that he might induce his friend's mother to act on his behalf in a matter appertaining to peace and charity. Mrs. Roden had unhappily been from home, but he had had the good fortune to encounter Miss Demijohn. Perhaps it was that she had seen him going in and out of the house, and had associated him with the great mystery of the young nobleman; perhaps she had been simply attracted by the easy air with which he cocked his hat and swung his gloves;—or, perhaps it was simply chance. But so it was that in the gloam of the evening she met him just round the corner opposite to the "Duchess of Edinburgh," and the happy acquaintance was commenced. No doubt, as in all such cases, it was the gentleman who spoke first. Let us, at any rate, hope so for the sake of Paradise Row generally. Be that as it may, before many minutes were over, she had explained to him that Mrs. Roden had gone out in a cab soon after dinner, and that probably something was up at Wimbledon as Mrs. Roden never went anywhere else, and this was not the day of the week on which her visits to Mrs. Vincent were generally made. Crocker, who was simplicity itself, soon gave her various details as to his own character and position in life. He, too, was a clerk in the Post Office, and was George Roden's particular friend. "Oh, yes; he knew all about Lord Hampstead, and was, he might say, intimately acquainted with his lordship. He had been in the habit of meeting his lordship at Castle Hautboy, the seat of his friend, Lord Persiflage, and had often ridden with his lordship in the hunting-field. He knew all about Lady Frances and the engagement, and had had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of her ladyship. He had been corresponding lately with Lord Hampstead on the subject. No;—he

had not as yet heard anything of Marion Fay, the Quaker's daughter." Then Clara had something to say on her side. She quite understood that if she expected to be communicated with, she also must communicate; and moreover young Mr. Crocker was by his age, appearance, and sex just such a one as prompted her to be communicative without loss of self-respect. What was the good of telling things to Mrs. Duffer, who was only an old widow without any friends, and with very small means of existence? She had communicated her secrets to Mrs. Duffer simply from want of a better pair of ears into which she could pour them. But here was one in telling secrets to whom she could take delight, and who had secrets of his own to give in return. It is not to be supposed that the friendship which arose grew from the incidents of one meeting only. On that first evening Crocker could not leave the fair one without making arrangements for a further interview, and so the matter grew. The intimacy between them was already of three days' standing when the letter of invitation above given reached Crocker's hands. To tell the very truth, the proposed party was made up chiefly for Crocker's sake. What is the good of having a young man if you cannot show him to your friends?

"Crocker!" said Mrs. Demijohn to her niece, "where did you pick up Crocker?"

"What questions you do ask, Aunt! Pick him up, indeed!"

"So you have—; picked him up, as you're always a doing with young men. Only you never know how to keep 'em when you've got 'em."

"I declare, Aunt, your vulgarity is unbearable."

"I'm not going to have any Crocker in my house," said the old woman, "unless I know where he comes from. Perhaps he's a counter skipper. He may be a ticket-of-leave man for all you know."

"Aunt Jemima, you're so provoking that I sometimes think I shall have to leave you."

"Where will you go to, my dear?"

To this question, which had often been asked before, Clara thought it unnecessary to make any answer; but returned at once to the inquiries which were not unnaturally made by the lady who stood to her in the place of a mother. "Mr. Crocker, Aunt Jemima, is a clerk at the Post Office, who sits at the same desk with George Roden, and is intimately acquainted both with Lord Hampstead and with Lady Frances Trafford. He used to be George Roden's bosom friend; but there has lately been some little tiff between the young men, which would be so pleasant if we could make it up. You have got to a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Mrs. Roden, and perhaps if you will ask them they'll come. I am

sute Marion Fay will come, because you always get your money from Pogson and Littlebird. I wish I had the cheek to ask Lord Hampstead." Having heard all this, the old lady consented to receive our sporting friend from the Post Office, and also assented to the other invitations, which were given.

Crocker, of course, sent his compliments, and expressed the great pleasure he would have in "seeing the New Year in" in company with Mrs. Demijohn. As the old lady was much afflicted with rheumatism, the proposition as coming from her would have been indiscreet had she not known that her niece on such occasions was well able to act as her deputy. Mrs. Roden also promised to come, and with difficulty persuaded her son that it would be gracious on his part to be so far civil to his neighbours. Had he known that Crocker also would be there he certainly would not have yielded; but Crocker, when at the office, kept the secret of his engagement to himself. The Quaker also and Marion Fay were to be there. Mr. Fay and Mrs. Demijohn had long known each other in regard to matters of business, and he, for the sake of Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird's firm, could not refuse to drink a cup of tea at their client's house. A junior clerk from the same counting-house, one Daniel Tribbledale by name, with whom Clara had made acquaintance at King's Court some two years since, was also to be of the party. Mr. Tribbledale had at one time, among all Clara's young men, been the favourite. But circumstances had occurred which had somewhat lessened her goodwill towards him. Mr. Littlebird had quarrelled with him, and he had been refused promotion. It was generally supposed at the present time in the neighbourhood of Old Broad Street that Daniel Tribbledale was languishing for the love of Clara Demijohn. Mrs. Duffer, of course, was to be there, and so the list of friends for the festive occasion was completed.

Mrs. Duffer was the first to come. Her aid, indeed, was required for the cutting up of the cakes and arrangements of the cups and saucers. The Quaker and his daughter were next, appearing exactly at nine o'clock,—to do which he protested to be the best sign of good manners that could be shown. "If they want me at ten, why do they ask me at nine?" demanded the Quaker. Marion was forced to give way, though she was by no means anxious to spend a long evening in company with Mrs. Demijohn. As to that seeing of the New Year in it was quite out of the question for the Quaker or for his daughter. The company altogether came early. The only touch of fashion evinced on this occasion was shown by Mr. Crocker. The Rodens, with Mr. Tribbledale at their heels, appeared not long after, and then the demolition of the Sally Luns was commenced. "I declare I think he means to deceive us," whispered Clara to her friend, Mrs. Duffer, when

(Continued on page 250)



THE TURF.—Sandown seems firmly to have associated itself with fine weather, whatever be the season of the year; and two more enjoyable days for the month of March from a meteorological point of view could hardly be conceived than Friday and Saturday in last week, when the Annual Grand Military Steeple Chases were held. The Prince of Wales was present on both days, and almost as many of the aristocracy of the turf and of the "upper ten" generally as flock to the Esher slopes on a summer's day. It is quite an understood thing now how "the soldiers" try their horses day after day, and so pretty well know what animals are to win the different events; and so the general public back the favourites with spirit, and the poor "bookies" have almost to stand still and be shot at. On the first day the first favourites won three out of the six races, and in the three others ran second—pretty good "guessing"; and on the second day matters ran much in the same groove. The Grand Military Gold Cup was won by Lord Chancellor, an animal somewhat fancied for the Grand National, ridden by his owner, Lord Manners, of the Grenadier Guards. He started second favourite in a field of eight, the first favourite, Aristocrat, being beaten by a length and a half. On the second day the Silver Cup was won by Mr. E. R. Owen's Statesman, who beat Grateful and five others by half a length, but in the last race of the day had to succumb to Arab Lad. It was generally remarked that the officer-jockeys showed to greater advantage in the pigskin than on several other previous anniversaries, but the seats of some and the handling of their mounts could hardly be called artistic when we compare them with professional "cross-country" riders and many gentlemen-jockeys. However, it may be noted to their credit that there was less tumbling about, colliding, and running out of the course than usual. By the way, why do not the Sandown authorities have the abominable "clinkers," which are scattered about nearly half-way across the course in front of some of the enclosures, cleared away?—The Croydon March Meeting held this week has of late years been shorn of much of its former glory, and the Grand International Hurdle Race, once a "big" spring event, only produced eight runners. Suter, now the property of the American "plunger," Mr. Walton, ruled as first favourite for some days before the race, and it was expected that R. I'Anson would ride him, but this celebrated "cross country" horseman having already made his *début* with the starter's flag in his hand, received an intimation from high quarters that he had better abstain from riding. Consequently he gave up the mount, and probably will not again appear in the pigskin as a professional. F. Webb took his place, but Suter made but a poor show in the race, having receded in the betting previous to the start, Friday and Theophrastus being more fancied. The result of the contest was a victory for Glenluce, a comparative outsider, and Antient Pistol, least fancied of all the competitors, was second, with Theophrastus third. The Irish mare, Wild Lady, about whom there had been a good deal of talk, ran in the race, but was never formidable. On the following day, however, she was made first favourite for the United Kingdom Steeplechase, and won it. Captain Macell's Blue Blood, a very high-priced yearling and now a six-year-old, who has given an infinity of trouble in training and caused disappointments innumerable to those connected with him and backers generally, at last scored a win; the Hunters' Flat Race—in which he had the benefit of the weights and allowances—falling to him in a field of eight.—Talking of the victory of Wild Lady, we are reminded how inscrutable are the ways of the Irish contingent, though we must acknowledge our indebtedness to it for doing so much to keep sport alive in this country during the winter months in the lamentable dearth of "chasers" home-bred. At the time of making this note four Irish animals head the last market return for the approaching Grand National—Mohican, Liberator, Empress, and Cyrus—and who will dare to say which is likely to turn out the best, or whether any one of them is really "good goods"? Fresh owners, trainers, and backers puzzle us exceedingly, as each Hibernian animal becomes one day a strong favourite and another day seems hopelessly knocked out, though often only to revive again in a few hours.—For the Lincoln Handicap Peregrine has been scratched. Alas, poor backers! and alas! poor Lord Alington! who has had such bad luck with his plucky and expensive purchases!—Sportsmen of all classes and in almost every department of field sports will hear with great regret of the death of the Earl of Wilton, though they have for some time past been prepared for it. For many years he has kept a large stud of racers, but though he has had his share of success in big handicaps and minor events, he only once carried off a "classic" race, namely, when he won the St. Leger with Wenlock in 1872. The nominations which become void by his death would fill a column in *The Graphic*. The late Earl was a good "all round" man, and his many friends sincerely say "may the turf lie lightly o'er his head."

COURSING.—At the Plumpton Meeting, Mr. Miller, who had a bad time of it at Altcar with his M's, received some consolation in winning the Great Southern Cup with his Marston, who, in the deciding course beat that sterling good dog, the Marquis of Anglesey's Assegai. It is a far cry to next year's Waterloo Cup, but probably at the present time no kennel is so likely to supply the winner of it as that of Mr. Miller.

AQUATICS.—Good reports of Hanlan and Boyd, both of whom are now pretty nearly at their rowing weights, and in excellent health. Trickett, the Australian, has arrived in this country from America, and his perseverance has so far been rewarded by having induced Hanlan to row him a match over the Thames Championship Course for 1,000*l.* on the 1st of May. Pluck and perseverance were always well appreciated in this country, but after the hollow defeat last year inflicted on him by Hanlan, it is difficult to understand on what grounds the Australian builds his hopes of reversing the recent verdict.—There is not much news from Oxford or Cambridge, but shortly the two Putney crews may be expected to take up temporary quarters at or near Marlow, preparatory to the final move to London waters. As far as there has been any wagering on the race, Cambridge is slightly the favourite, owing probably to the belief that the Oxford stroke, Higgins, good as he is "for his pounds," is too light a man for stroke. His present weight is only 9 st. 6 lbs.—At Oxford New College left off lead in the Torpid races. Lincoln accomplished the almost unprecedented feat of making six "bumps" in six days.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Notwithstanding the scare that a few years ago Weston and O'Leary caused among our "peds" as regards long distance work, it seems now that the champions from these "degenerate isles" can more than hold their own with the athletes across the "herring-pond." From New York we learn that the "big" Go-as-You-Please-Six-Days' Championship-of-the-World-Contest has resulted in the victory of "our Mr. Hazael," who did 600 miles and one lap in the time, and thus beat the "best record." It is not improbable that "our Mr. Rowell" would have beaten Hazael had he not broken down through sudden illness.

FOOTBALL.—Oxford has beaten Cambridge in their annual Association game at the Oval, and has now won four times against

five of Cambridge.—The final game in the Inter-Hospitals Challenge Cup has been won by St. George's, but their antagonists, Bartholomew, were perforce short of some of their best men.—In a Rugby game the United Hospitals and Royal Engineering College have made a draw.

THE LONDON MIDLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.—The Five Miles' Yacht Handicap took place on Saturday the 4th inst. in splendid weather, and in the presence of about 500 spectators, eighteen out of thirty-two entrants facing the starter. The race was over the five miles (club) course, starting from the Spaniards Road, near head-quarters, Vale of Health, to Brent Street, Hendon, and back. The result, after time allowances were made, was as follows:—C. W. Bradshaw (net time, 32 min. 24 sec.), 1; H. W. Fisher (34 min. 36 sec.), 2; T. O'Connor (31 min.), 3; F. Tribe (34 min. 19 sec.), special prize, 4. The race was an exciting one throughout.



THE POST OFFICE JEWEL ROBBERY.—Four men, two of whom are said to be English ticket-of-leave men, and a woman have been arrested at Brussels on the charge of being concerned in the recent robbery from Hatton Garden Post Office; and in London a woman, who is supposed to be an accomplice, has also been arrested, and remanded for further evidence. One of the gang captured at Brussels made a violent resistance in order to avoid being taken, and it is stated that a quantity of jewels were seized by the police.

THE "MONARCH OF THE MEADOWS."—The two men Harris and Atkins were on Monday tried on the charge of feloniously and maliciously setting fire to a dwelling-house with intent to injure and defraud, but Mr. Justice Hawkins ruled that as regards this there was no evidence to go to the jury. Harris was found guilty of setting fire to the picture frame, but not with the intention of firing the house, and this the judge said amounted to a verdict of not guilty. Next day both prisoners were again indicted and convicted, Harris of "receiving," and Atkins of being an accessory after the fact, the latter being recommended to mercy on the ground that he was to a great extent Harris's dupe. Harris, who is now undergoing eighteen months' imprisonment for horse-stealing, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, whilst Atkins was simply ordered to come up for judgment if called upon.

THE WIMBLEDON POISONING CASE.—The trial of Dr. Lamson was commenced before Mr. Justice Hawkins, at the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday, and would probably last three or four days, as there were thirty witnesses to be examined.

A TELEPHONIC TRICK.—There is it seems no means by which a person using a telephone can be identified, and therefore a City publisher has failed in his action to recover the price of two theatre tickets which he had sent out in compliance with an order per telephone, but which the recipient denies having sent. Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in giving judgment for the defendant and remarking on the plaintiff's statement that many such orders were sent every day, said that if he chose to give tickets away every day it was his own business, and he must try and find the person who had defrauded him.

PLUCKY POLICEMEN.—Two constables of the Metropolitan Police Force have this week been complimented on their bravery in seizing men armed with loaded revolvers. In the one case, where the ruffian was a burglar, the policeman was ordered a reward of 5*l.*, and was recommended for promotion by Mr. Justice Hawkins; and in the other the Recorder ordered 3*l.* to be given to the constable who had been called to suppress a fight in a Workmen's Club. Promotion may not in all such cases be immediately practicable, even if desirable, but it would be well to award to all brave policemen a badge of "merit," carrying with it a pecuniary reward in the shape of increase of pay.

STREET RUFFIANISM IN LONDON will probably be checked to some extent by the results of the last Old Bailey Sessions. The Grand Jury in their presentment, and Mr. Justice Hawkins in his summing-up on the various cases, expressed themselves in strong terms upon the necessity of putting an end to the organised terrorism and wanton violence which has recently prevailed in certain districts of the metropolis, and the punishment meted out to the offenders is certainly exemplary. Of the two young men charged with participation in the fatal affray on the Thames Embankment, one was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and the other, about whom the jury could not agree, was remitted to the next Sessions to be tried again. Seven other youths, convicted of fighting with bands of roughs in the streets of Hoxton and its neighbourhood, were sentenced, four to eighteen months', and three to twelve months' hard labour, the judge remarking that, had it been proved that they had used the knives found upon them, penal servitude would have been their fate.

ALLEGED HOSPITAL NEGLECT.—At an inquest on the body of a young man who had died of concussion of the brain, the result of an injury received while he was at work, it was stated that after the accident he was taken to University College Hospital, where he was kept waiting an hour before his wounds were attended to, and that subsequently, despite his dangerous condition, he was only treated as an out-door patient. The jury found a verdict according to the medical evidence, but added a rider expressing their opinion that he should have been instantly admitted to the hospital.

BURGLARY AND MURDER AT FINCHLEY.—On Thursday night last week a burglary was committed at St. Alban's Villa, Friern Barnet, and a large quantity of plate and other valuables carried off, and the next day the dead body of a man, who is supposed to have been one of the thieves, was found in a lonely part of the neighbouring woods, where most of the booty was also discovered hidden beneath some leaves. The dead man was stabbed in several places, and it is conjectured that after a drinking-bout he had quarrelled with his companion or companions over the division of the spoil, with the result that he was murdered. An inquest has been held and an open verdict of wilful murder returned, but the body has not been positively identified, although it is supposed to be that of a gipsy named Peter Butler.

THE DUNECHT OUTRAGE.—The two men arrested last week have been discharged from custody after two private examinations before the Sheriff, so that we may presume that there was no evidence to connect them with the crime. Lord Crawford has received another anonymous letter threatening that if the police inquiries are continued the body will be destroyed by means of chemicals.

MR. EDWIN JAMES, the well-known advocate, who was at one time a Queen's Counsel, a Member of Parliament, and Recorder of Brighton, but who owing to some doubtful monetary transactions with some of his clients was disbarred, and had to resign his seat and give up his Recordership, died on Monday somewhat suddenly, although he had been in failing health for some time. It is said that in the height of his professional career he made 12,000*l.* a-year, but after his disbarment his income became very low, and his altered circumstances weighed heavily on his mind and broke down his constitution.



THE WEATHER AND THE COUNTRY.—February rainfall was usually but not uniformly light. At Coventry 2.12 inches were registered in ten days, and from the same county we hear of extensive floods round about Foleshill.

THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.—The Act which deals with this subject which came into force on the 1st inst. schedules fifty-six birds, and is a very useful statute. It is not unlikely, however, that the scheduling of fifty-six species will lead some persons to suppose that only the birds specifically mentioned are protected by law. This is not so. Between the 1st of March and the 1st of August all wild birds are under the protection of the law, except as against owners and occupiers of land. But the birds scheduled are protected even from them. Among these favoured species we are glad to see the lark. The passing of the statute is a good thing. We hope it will be efficiently and generally enforced.

RENTS.—Despite the favourable time for agriculture, rents show no recovery, but on the contrary, continue to be reduced. At the recent rent audit of the Duke of Cleveland 20 per cent. was returned. Viscount Boyne has remitted 10 per cent. to his Shropshire tenants, and Lord Clarina has made a yet heavier reduction to his Irish estates. In the county of Midlothian very large rent reductions have recently been made, and tenants are not readily forthcoming even at the most reduced rents. Things wear a little brighter aspect in southern and south-western England, where good land is generally let, and rents are steady. The good lambing season should add something to the value of land, but, if recovery is to come, there has as yet been no time for its development.

THE SIZE OF FARMS.—Some interesting illustrations of the facts which should regulate the size of farms are to be found in a note from Argyleshire. There are about 4,900 holders of land in that county, of whom only 2 per cent. pay above 500*l.* a year for their farms. There are 990 farmers who pay between 100*l.* and 500*l.*, and 508 pay from 50*l.* to 100*l.* No fewer than 3,300 pay under 50*l.* for their holdings. Of these, we are sorry to hear that a very serious proportion are in difficulties, that the land is very poor from producing all it could be made to yield, and that the poverty of the crofters as a class is deplorable.

IRISH LANDLORDS.—Mr. Gladstone's Land Act has been in practical working operation for about four months, and up to the end of February it had cost 8,182*l.* a year to Ulster landlords, 2,079*l.* a year to Leinster landlords, 816*l.* a year to Connaught landlords, and 2,796*l.* a year to Munster landlords; in all 8,873*l.* a year, or a capitalised sum of 177,460*l.* This is pretty well for four months' work. The counties where rents have been "judicially" reduced with the greatest rigour have been Down, Tyrone, Kilkenny, Kildare, Wexford, Kerry, Tipperary, and Limerick. The number of tenants "relieved" out of proprietors' pockets is 1,313. Appeals are not reckoned in these estimates.

THE CORNWALL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have lost the services of their trusted secretary, Mr. Tresawna. Mr. Martin, of Truro, succeeds him. The Chamber have elected Sir Charles Sawle as chairman for 1882. Finances are sound enough, but the Chamber's meetings are neither so frequent, nor its discussions as interesting, as might well be wished.

A VALUABLE BIRD.—The black-red gamecock belonging to Mr. Reid of Forfar, which took the first prize and cup at the Stirling Show and at the Forfar Show, has been sold for fifty pounds. The purchaser, a Liverpool man, travelled to Forfar expressly to fetch the bird, which a local paper states to be only nine months old. The price is probably unparalleled, and has attracted much notice among bird fanciers.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE has been spreading in Cumberland, and has broken out afresh in Kent. In Cornwall the whole of the western division of the county has been declared an infected area. Thus the three corners of our triangular country are suffering, at the same time the rest of the land is happily free from infection.

THE VANDALS.—There will be held, on Tuesday, the 14th inst., a public meeting to consider the propriety of constructing a mid-Cumberland railway. We should be glad to hear that Mr. Ruskin had left for a day his Bible of Amiens, and gone over to Penrith in order to give that public meeting a "disinterested opinion" of the proposed Lake Country Railway.—There is a proposal to carry the railway at Norwich close to the Cathedral. Any one interested in opposing the measure will do well to communicate with Dean Goulburn at the Cathedral.

OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Annual Show of this Society will be held at Witney on the 24th and 25th of May. The prize list is now issued, and there are 139 prizes, of a total aggregate value of 900*l.* Of these 52 are for horses, 33 for cattle, 36 for sheep, and a dozen for pigs. There will also be a prize for the best essay on the best mode of roughing a horse without removing the shoes. Competition for a considerable proportion of the prizes is limited to tenant farmers. All entries close on the 19th of April.

THE PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.—Professor Tanner is now delivering at the Museum of Geology in Jermyn Street a series of lectures on this subject. There are six hundred regular students, and the demands for admission are sufficiently numerous to warrant a Government loan of a far larger lecture room.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We understand that the Earl of Leicester is to lay the foundation stone of the new Agricultural Hall at Norwich on the 25th March.—The Council of the Shorthorn Society meet on April 4th, at 3.30 P.M., at 12, Hanover Square.—Mr. Chester Master, M.P., has met with a serious loss. A splendid horse of his, worth some 300 guineas, broke its back the other day in taking a fence. Mr. Master sustained no injury, but, of course, the horse had to be destroyed.—An Annual Horse Show is to be held at Taunton. The first Show will probably be held on the 13th of July next.—At Chester fair there was a large show of heavy draught horses, for which prices, ranging from 40*l.* to 70*l.*, were obtained.

FIVE-SEATED VELOCIPEDS have been imported into India for two native rulers. They resemble two double tricycles, with a bicycle in front.

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS PARTY IN FRANCE are laying claim to further terms of equality with the stronger sex. Those energetic ladies who are headed by the Citoyenne Hubertine Auclerc—famous for her objection to pay taxes—went in a body as usual to demand their inscription on the list of voters. Of course they were refused, but they received a formal acknowledgment of their claim—one step of progress in their opinion—while they were treated with far more consideration by the officials on the latter learning that the feminine patriots had now appealed for permission to serve in Africa with their brethren. So says the *Citoyenne*, the chief organ of the claimants of feminine suffrage. Their milder sisters, meanwhile, are largely adopting the profession of letters, there being 2,127 literary women in France just now.

WISDOM IS THE ONLY SOURCE OF REAL HAPPINESS, AND THE ONLY GOAL WORTHY OF A MAN'S AMBITION.

THE GREATEST BLESSING
THE HUMAN MIND CAN CONCEIVE.
A ROYAL and NOBLE EXAMPLE!!!

"REFERRING to the continued manifestations of interest in sanitary science by members of the Royal Family—in short, in all matters affecting the health of the people—he remarked that if all the owners of cottages in the Empire exercised the same sanitary care that had been exercised in the cottages on her Majesty's private estates, the same sanitary and death-rate would be reduced one-third; in other words, it would be as if on every third year there were a Jubilee.

AND NO SICKNESS.

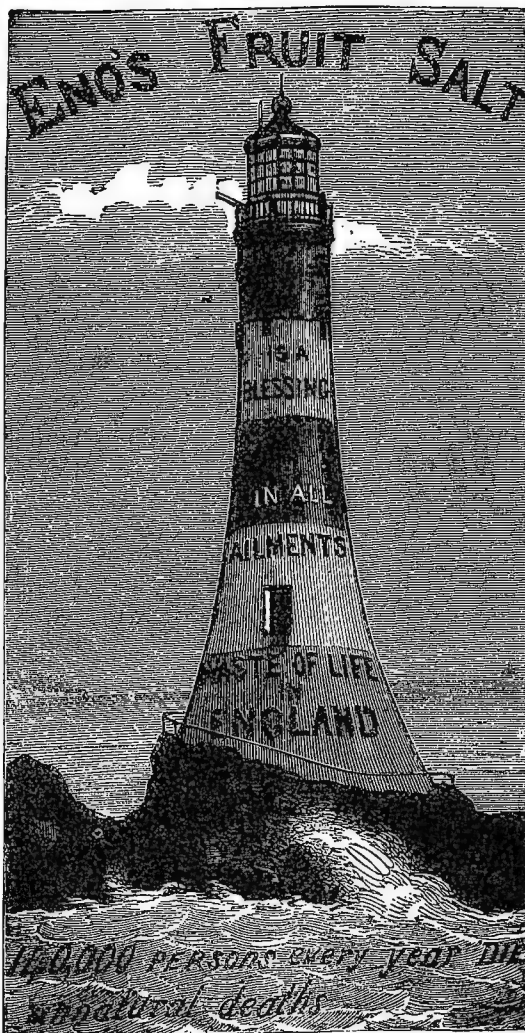
AND NO DEATHS!!!
An Address by Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., &c., &c., at the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

WITH EACH BOTTLE OF FRUIT SALT is wrapped a Large Illustrated Sheet, showing the best means of stamping out infectious diseases, Fevers, and Blood Poisons, &c. If this invaluable Information was universally carried out, many forms of disease now producing such havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done, when the true cause has become known.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in hot or foreign climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of nature, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is particularly valuable. No Traveller should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is, in the highest degree, invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS or SICK HEADACHE, GIDDINESS, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Constipation, and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes, by a natural means, effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing Boils, Carbuncles, Fevers, Feverish Skin, Erysipelas, and all Epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea. It is a pleasant beverage, which supplies the want of ripe fruit, so essential to the animal economy, and may be continued for any length of time, and looked upon as being a simple product of fruit. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medical value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as a breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda water, potash water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term to an unlimited extent. The FRUIT SALT acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.



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A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING or PRESERVING HEALTH.—Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT (prepared from sound ripe fruit). It is a pleasant beverage, both cooling, refreshing, and invigorating.

TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE RESIDING IN OR VISITING HOT CLIMATES, I consider the FRUIT SALT to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent and of too rich food as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in the warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the FRUIT SALT takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter.

IMPORTANT to TRAVELLERS.

"Sir,—having travelled a great deal in my life, and having suffered a great deal from poisoned blood and loss of appetite, I was induced by a friend to use your WORLD-FAMED FRUIT SALT. I was immediately relieved, and am once more hale and healthy. I shall never be without a bottle again on my travels. I am too pleased to repay you in some way for your wonderful invention by giving you full use of my testimony to the above.

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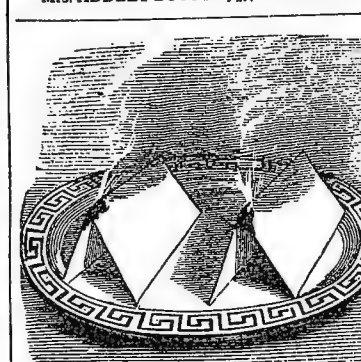
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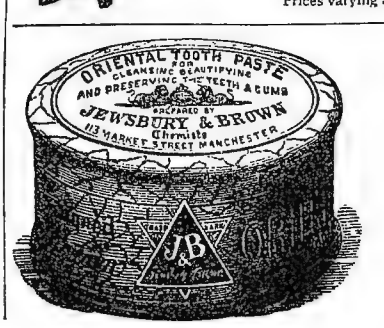
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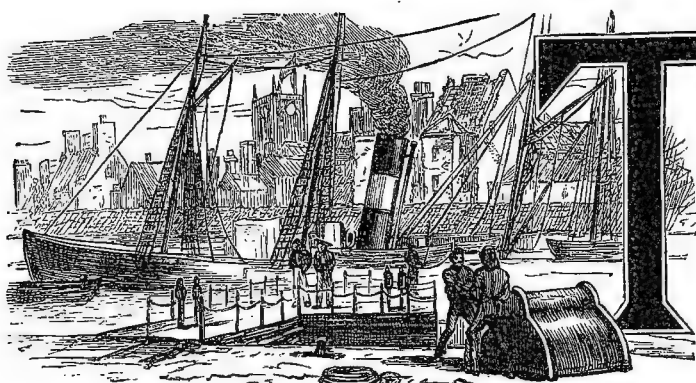
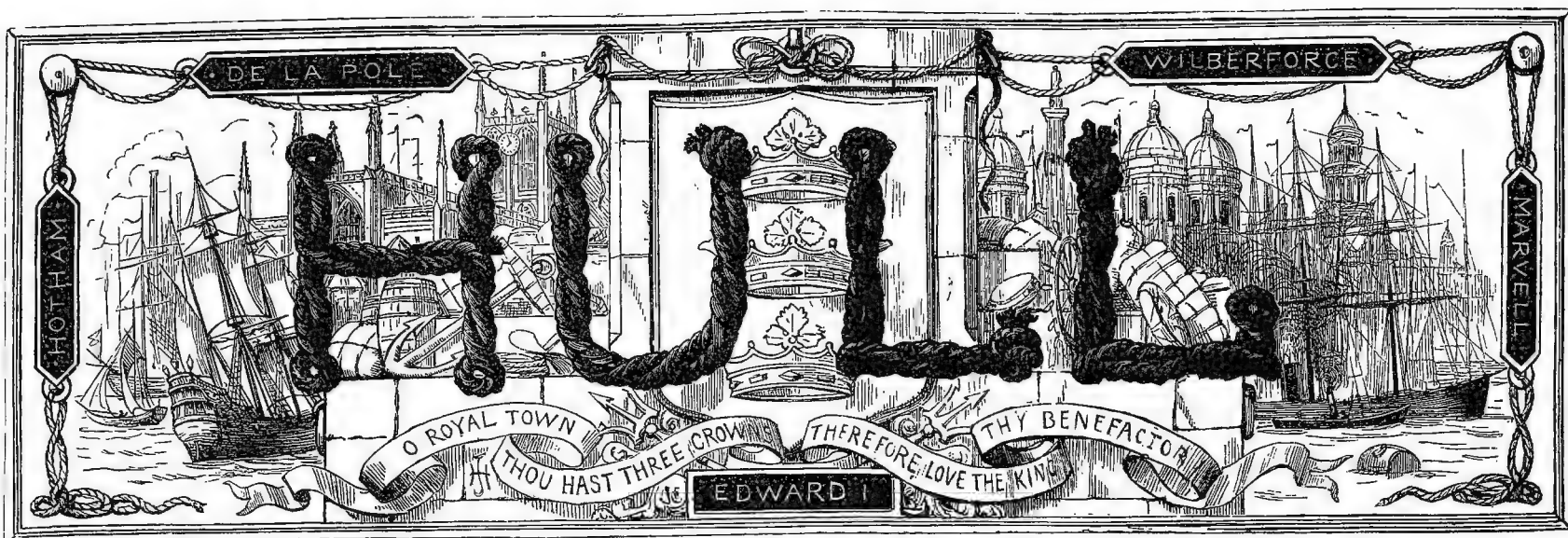
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SKETCH IN QUEEN'S DOCK

THE TOWN OF HULL, or more correctly Kingston-upon-Hull, owes the prosperity which has attended every period of its history, next to the admirable situation for maritime purposes which it occupies, to two circumstances. The first of these was King Edward's grant of a charter in 1299, which secured to the town peculiar privileges, and the second was the creation of a Dock Company in 1774. The Charter of Edward I. rendered Hull an attractive and advantageous seat of mercantile enterprise. Until, however, the first dock was opened in 1778, the resources of the town for shipping purposes were extremely limited. The wharves which adjoin the Old Haven—the mouth of the River Hull—supplied the only accommodation for the loading and unloading of vessels. On every side, except that adjoining the harbour, the town was walled in, and on that side, military security was afforded by the garrison, with its castle, blockhouses, and fortified wall. Till the first instalment of the town's wall was removed to make room for the first dock, no idea was ever entertained of extending the town beyond its fortifications. With an increasing population a denser crowding of habitations was necessary.

HIGH STREET

The wealthiest families of the town then lived in High Street, and the merchants had warehouses and



WHITEFRIARGATE BRIDGE AND WILBERFORCE MONUMENT

offices behind their private residences, running down to the river-side. Grand old mansions many of the High Street houses were. Although some have been removed to make way for more modern and convenient structures, still many of the old houses remain. The street is about half-a-mile in length, following the winding course of the harbour which it adjoins. It is in most parts so narrow that two vehicles can barely pass each other. With only two or three exceptions the buildings come close upon the footpath, where the street is wide enough to afford one, and where no footpath exists the houses are close to the road. Examples of almost every style of domestic architecture from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the close of the eighteenth may be found in this street. The houses are now almost all let off for offices, but many traces of their former splendour remain. The marble floors, noble staircases, wainscoted and frescoed walls, carved mantels, and elaborately stuccoed ceilings, testify to the wealth and taste of their former occupants.

THE "KING'S HEAD"

ONE of the quaintest structures now standing in High Street is the ancient timber and brick building formerly the King's Head Inn, and now occupied partly as offices and partly as tenements. It must at one time have been the principal hostelry in the town. Tradition asserts that some of the ancient monarchs of England stayed there when visiting Hull. It was considered a grand hotel when Taylor, the water-poet, visited the town in 1622. He took up his abode there. The landlord then was one George Pease, and Taylor in the poem in which he describes his experiences in Hull,—"A Very Merrie Wherrie Ferrey Voyage; or, Yorke for My Money,"—says:

Thanks to my loving host and hostesse Pease,
There at mine inne, each night I tooke mine ease;
And there I got a cantle of Hull cheese.

In a footnote the poet tells us that "Hull cheese is much like a loaf out of a brewer's basket; it is composed of two simples, mault and water in one compound, and is cousin germane to the mightiest ale in England." At that time Hull was celebrated for the manufacture of excellent ale. Ray quotes the proverb, "You have eaten some Hull cheese," as an equivalent to an accusation of drunkenness. It was then customary for the Corporation, from time to time during the sitting of Parliament, to send to its representatives a present of one or two barrels of the far-famed Hull ale. In one of Andrew Marvell's letters to the Burgesses of Hull, acknowledging a gift of this sort, he says:—"We must first give you thanks for the kind present you have pleased to send us, which will give occasion to us to remember you often; but the quantity is so great that it might make sober men forgetful."

DE LA POLE HOUSE

ANOTHER of the older High Street houses, taken down only a few months ago, was once the residence of the noble family of De la Pole. It was a long, two-storied, quaint old building. Its front was ornamented with curious carved wooden figures. The rooms were extremely low. The whole of the interior arrangements presented a marked contrast to all our modern ideas of household comfort. Yet in their day the De la Poles were the richest and most influential people in Hull. We first find them at Ravenser, once a rival port to Hull, situated a short distance west of Spurn Point, but washed away more than four hundred years ago by the overflowing tides of the Humber. The widow of the first Sir William de la Pole had married John Rotenhering, a merchant, first of Ravenser, and afterwards of Hull. When Ravenser was beginning to decline, early in the fourteenth century, Rotenhering and his wife, with the children of her late husband, removed to Hull. They occupied the old High Street house, of which we have just spoken. Here Rotenhering carried on his business and prospered. The approach to the haven side, which adjoined his house, is still known as "Rotenhering Staith." When he died in 1328 a shrine was erected to his memory in the Nave of Holy Trinity Church, and adorned with a representation of his ship, *La Godyere*. The step-son of John Rotenhering was Sir William de la Pole, the first Mayor of Hull (1332-5), a merchant rich enough to lend to Edward III. in 1338 the immense sum in those days of 18,500*l*. Hereupon the King styled him "our well-beloved merchant." He founded, in 1350, "near Kingston-upon-Hull," a Priory for Monks of the Carthusian Order. Its site has long been absorbed in one of the most densely populated parts of the town. Sir William de la Pole died in 1366, and was buried in the Choir of Holy Trinity Church, where a shrine, containing the effigies of a knight and a lady, is still pointed out as the monument of him and his wife. His son, Sir Michael de la Pole, completed the Carthusian Priory, founded by his father, and himself established a Hospital or Maison Dieu, on an adjoining plot of land, which now affords a refuge for about seventy poor and aged people, and is known as the Charter House. The yearly income from the property belonging to this hospital is about 2,500*l*. Sir Michael also built the stately and extensive Manor House of Hull, with its fine and lofty tower. This palatial residence, with its grounds, covered over nine acres of land, and its frontage occupied nearly the whole of the west side of Lowgate. It was afterwards a royal residence for Henry VIII. During the Civil Wars of Charles I. it was a magazine of ammunition, and nearly 200 years ago it was taken down. The present Town Hall stands upon a portion of its site. Sir Michael de la Pole was made Lord Chancellor in 1382. Three years later he was created Earl of Suffolk. But fickle is the favour of kings. The following year he was impeached, and in 1389 he died in Paris, an exile and an outlaw. The Earldom was restored to his son, but his grandson, another Sir William de la Pole, after receiving a series of royal favours, was committed to the Tower, impeached, and finally murdered in a boat near Dover Sands, at the instigation of his political enemies. The brother of this Sir William, Michael de la Pole, was slain at the Battle of Agincourt. His son, John, married Elizabeth Plantagenet, the sister of Edward IV. Their eldest son, also named John, was declared heir to the crown of England should Prince Edward die without heir, but was himself slain in rebellion at Stoke in 1487. A second son, Edmund, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1513. A younger son, Richard, the last heir male of this unfortunate family, was slain at the battle of Pavia in 1525.

THE "WILBERFORCE BUILDINGS"

THE fine old mansion, now known as the "Wilberforce Buildings," is the centre around which gather some of the most treasured traditions of the history of Hull. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the residence of John Lister, a wealthy and benevolent merchant, who represented Hull in every Parliament, with only one exception, from 1600 to 1640. He was twice Mayor of Hull, and in the Town Hall there is an interesting portrait of him, dressed in his robes of office. By his will he left money and property for the erection and endowment of a hospital, on the south side of Trinity Church, for twelve poor men and women. This institution was removed in 1869 to Park Street. When Charles I. visited Hull in 1639, Lister was Mayor, and, at his house in High Street, entertained the King, who on that occasion conferred the order of knighthood upon his host. Tradition still points out the room in which His Majesty slept. Three years later, when Charles came to Hull again, the drawbridges were raised and the gates were closed against him. The ill-fated Sir John Hotham was then Governor of the town. The King commenced an unsuccessful siege. This was the beginning of his protracted struggle with the Parliament, so fatal to many thousands of the people, and, at last, fatal to himself.

Early in the eighteenth century the mansion of the Listers passed by purchase into the hands of William Wilberforce, grandfather of the great slave-trade abolitionist, a descendant of an ancient Yorkshire family, formerly settled at Wilberfoss, near York, and afterwards merchants of Beverley. In that house the great William Wilberforce was born in 1759, in the same room, tradition says, in



SIR JOHN. HOTHAM

which King Charles had slept. When only twenty-one years old William Wilberforce was elected to represent his native town in Parliament. Four years later he was elected one of the representatives of the county of York. From this time he devoted his energies incessantly to the one object of his life—the abolition of the negro slave trade. How successful his efforts were the whole world knows. He died in London, 27th July, 1833, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. The inhabitants of his native town and of the neighbourhood testified their respect to his memory by erecting, in 1834, at a cost of 1,250*l*, a noble column, ninety feet high, surmounted by a statue, twelve feet high. This monument stands upon ground that is historic. It occupies the site of the Beverley Gate, formerly the principal entrance to the town. When Royalty visited Hull, the dignitaries of its ancient Corporation, in their gorgeous civic robes, ranged themselves at this gate to welcome their monarch with fulsome harangue, and, sometimes, with even more tangible evidence of loyalty. It was before this gate that Charles I. appeared when Sir John Hotham, with fear and trembling, told him he durst not admit him.

The birthplace of Wilberforce is a picturesque old mansion. It is one of the few houses in High Street standing back from the road. A few years ago its present owner planted the open space between the house and the street with the seeds of the Siberian Cow-Parsnip (*Heracleum giganteum*), which every returning spring rapidly attains a height of eight to twelve feet, and bears umbels of white blossoms a yard or more in diameter, which add greatly to the pleasing aspect of the old mansion. The interior well repays examination. The walls are covered with old oak wainscot, grown black with age. The floor of the hall is laid with slabs of black and white marble. The staircase is noble. In one of the rooms is preserved a set of old whaling instruments. The whale fishery was, fifty years ago, one of the principal trades of Hull.

CORN EXCHANGE

THE Corn Exchange is situated on the east side of High Street. It is a fine building, sixty feet high, with an arched glass roof, and an entrance supported by Corinthian columns, with an entablature on each side. The great hall is 158 feet long and 38 feet broad. The cost of this building, which was erected in 1856, was over 5,000*l*. It stands upon the site of the old Custom House, erected in 1619-21. At the back of the same site, early as 1389, a weigh-house was built upon piles driven into the bank of the harbour, where lead, wool, and other commodities for import or export were weighed.

ANCIENT SMUGGLING

WE cannot leave this old street without alluding to the tradition that many of its river-side houses were, in former times, used for purposes of smuggling. In the early days of Nonconformity, one Samuel Charles, ejected at the Restoration from the living of Mickleover, in Derbyshire, was the minister of a congregation of Presbyterian Dissenters worshipping in Bowlalley Lane, Hull. In the year 1682 the mayor and aldermen of Hull sent Mr. Charles to prison for six months for preaching. When before the Bench he asked the aldermen, "Are there no malefactors in Hull but two ministers of the Gospel? Are there no drunkards, no swearers, no Sabbath-breakers? Nay, if you look into your cellars, is there nothing of the growth and product and manufactory of the French king's dominions?" At this point, we are informed, he was ordered to withdraw.

THE "WHITE HART"

IN a passage leading from Silver Street to Bowlalley Lane we have a remnant of ancient Hull, which no visitor to the town should fail to see. This is the "White Hart" Inn. Externally it bears an aspect of antiquity. On entering our attention is drawn to the ponderous doors and to the fine massive staircase. After ascending the stairs we are ushered into a splendid old room—"The Plotting Chamber." Its walls are wainscoted, and are now almost black with age. The mantelpiece is elaborately carved. A little to the right of this is a secret door, not noticeable from the rest of the oak wainscot when closed. Behind that door a narrow passage leads into another room, whence access can be gained to a second flight of steps, down which we may descend to the other end of the house, and leave this old inn by a different door from that through which we entered. How many and what kind of plots have been formed in this chamber we have no means of knowing, but, no doubt, it has more than once afforded facilities for the transaction of strange business, whether licit or illicit.

CHURCHES IN HULL

THE most interesting object in Hull to the antiquary or the architect is the magnificent church of Holy Trinity, with one exception the largest parish church in England. It is cruciform in shape, with a fine lofty tower, rising to a height of 150 feet at the intersection. The chancel and transepts are in the Decorated style, whilst the nave and tower are Perpendicular. Its entire length from east to west is 272 feet, and its width is 96 feet. The church probably occupies the site of the ancient chapel of Myton, which was destroyed by the monks of the neighbouring abbey of Meaux before the year 1204. One John Helward founded the Church of Holy Trinity in 1285. The transepts, which, with the chancel, are built of brick, are the oldest portions of the present structure. Together they constitute, it is said, the earliest specimen of post-Roman brickwork in England. The chancel is remarkable for its light proportions. The shafts upon which the clerestory walls rest are unusually slender, and rise to a great height. The east window is of seven lights, and the tracery in the upper portion is extremely beautiful. It was filled in 1834 with stained glass, representing the Apostles, with the Saviour in the centre. Below are figures, from the designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing the cardinal virtues. In the chancel there are many memorials of the departed. Some of these are extremely interesting on account of the light they throw upon family and local history. A number of other monuments have been removed from their original places and deposited in the crypt. A few years ago the centre of the chancel was raised, ostensibly that it might be more cathedral-like. The consequent loss to the architectural beauty of the structure has been great. The nave, which, with the tower, is built of stone, is as fine a specimen of the Perpendicular style as is the chancel of the Decorated. The noble west window is of nine lights, and was filled with stained glass by Hardman in 1862. The entire fabric has recently undergone thorough restoration, under the superintendence of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost of about 33,000*l*. The south transept contains a fine organ, built by Foster and Andrews of Hull, which cost nearly 2,000*l*. The beautiful pulpit of Caen stone, the splendid lectern, and the ancient font of Purbeck marble, with its curious devices, should be noticed by every visitor. The nave will accommodate about 2,000 persons, and the chancel is stalled to seat about 200. The tower contains a peal of eight bells, the tenor weighing 21 cwt. From the summit fine views of the whole town and the neighbouring country, of the mighty Humber, from its formation by the union of the Trent and the Ouse to where, twenty miles away, it becomes lost in the sea, and of the adjacent parts of Lincolnshire, may be gained on a clear day.

Of almost equal antiquity is the church in Lowgate, dedicated to St. Mary. It was erected early in the fourteenth century. Formerly it was a large cruciform structure, with a tower at the intersection. In 1518 the nave fell to the ground. Twenty years later Henry VIII. caused the tower to be removed, because, it is said, it obstructed the view from his Manor House. The materials were used, there is every reason to believe, in the erection of the castle and blockhouses which were then being built on the east side of the haven. A portion only of the original chancel of St. Mary's Church was left standing. This is now the western half of the church. About the year 1588 three bays were added at the east end. In 1697 a new tower was built. A few years ago the whole church was restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and the south aisle was added. St. Mary's is particularly rich in stained glass windows, all of which, however, are modern. It contains a fine organ originally built by Snetzler in 1715, but recently restored by Messrs. Foster and Andrews.

The two villages of Drypool and Sculcoates have been absorbed by Hull in its rapid growth within the memory of persons now

living. Both these villages date back to a remote period. They are mentioned in Domesday. A portion of the old Church of Drypool, taken down in 1822, was in the Norman style. Sculcoates had also an ancient church, which was pulled down in 1760, and the present Church of St. Mary in that parish was built on its site.

There are now twenty-two churches in Hull, capable in the aggregate of seating over 22,000 worshippers. Some weeks ago a religious census of the town was taken, when it was found that the total attendance at Church of England worship was, in the morning 5,994, and in the evening 7,278. In the temples of Nonconformity of every kind the morning attendance was 19,971, and the evening attendance 29,895.

THE TRINITY HOUSE

THIS ancient Guild was first established in the year 1369. It was incorporated by charter by Henry VI. in 1442. It consists of twelve Elder Brethren and an unlimited number of Younger Brethren. Its income at the present time must be immense. It owns and maintains the lighthouses and lightships which guide the navigators of the Humber. The Trinity House is located at the corner of Trinity House Lane and Postern Gate. The present building was erected in 1753, and is in the Tuscan style of architecture. Besides offices for the transaction of business, it includes thirty rooms for the widows of Master Mariners and Younger Brethren, housekeeper's rooms, dining and council rooms, reading room, museum, and chapel. The Trinity House is rich in ancient plate, and contains many fine historical paintings and portraits. This Corporation possesses and supports a Marine School, founded in 1785, where 140 boys are clothed and receive a very superior nautical education, free of charge. The schoolrooms are reached through a fine Doric gateway in Prince's Dock Street.

In addition to the hospital accommodation afforded by the House itself, the Guild possesses three other hospitals. The first of these was erected in Postern Gate, in 1826, on a site adjoining the Trinity House. The second is situated in Ocean Place, Anlaby Road, and was erected in 1834. Of this we give a view. It is a commodious building, and consists of a centre and two wings. The entrance is beneath an imposing pediment, supported by columns. The third

course of the fortified wall, on the north and west sides of the town. The Railway Dock was opened in 1846, and the Victoria Dock, which covers a portion of the Garrison site, in 1850. The largest dock belonging to what will henceforth be called the "Old" Dock Company is the Albert Dock, which has a water-space of more than 24½ acres. It occupied about eight years in construction, cost about 1,000,000*l.*, and was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1869. Since then two other docks have been constructed beyond the Albert Dock on the west foreshore of the Humber. The entire water-space afforded by the whole of these eight docks is over eighty-eight acres. In the summer of 1880 the "Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction-Railway and Dock Company" sprung into existence. On the 15th January, 1881, the first sod of the new dock was cut by Lieut.-Col. Gerard Smith, to whose indomitable energy the Company owes its existence. The dock when completed will have a clear water-space of 46½ acres. Constructed upon a superior principle to any previous dock at Hull, it will supply unprecedented facilities for the unloading of vessels of any tonnage, entering the Humber even when the tide is at the lowest. It is situated on the east side of the town, and has already given an impetus to the increase of the population and the development of trade in that district. Indeed, it is easy to foresee that the future growth of Hull will be chiefly towards the east.

With the new dock is closely associated the new railway, which after traversing many miles of the Yorkshire coal-field, hitherto almost inaccessible and unworked, becomes connected with the lines of several of the principal railway companies. By means of this railway and dock such facilities will be afforded for the rapid discharge of cargoes, for the transit of all kinds of imports to their destination in every part of the kingdom, and for the shipment of all kinds of goods, as have hitherto been unknown in Hull. The construction of both the railway and the dock is already in a forward state, and there is every probability that the contractors (Messrs. Lucas and Aird) will have the works completed at the time specified in the contract, viz., 1st January, 1884.

A walk along the wharves of the Hull Docks will well repay any visitor to the town. The immense vessels moored to the quays, loading and unloading every kind of merchandise, are interesting sights. In one place the spectator will see bags of grain hoisted

sixth port in the kingdom, being only exceeded in mercantile importance by London, Boston, Southampton, Lincoln, and Lynn. The amount of duty collected in two years was, in London 836*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*, in Boston 780*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.*, and in Hull 344*l.* 14*s.* 4½*d.* In 1281 the trade of Hull had increased so largely that, judging from the customs collected there in that year on wool, woollens, and leather, it was then the third port in the kingdom, Boston and London alone exceeding it. The amount of duty collected in Boston on the above articles was 3,599*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*, in London 1,602*l.* 16*s.* 6½*d.*, and in Hull 1,086*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*

Some idea of the present trade of Hull may be gathered from the following facts. From the time that steam was adopted as a means of propelling ships the number of sailing vessels belonging to the port has gradually decreased. As the old vessels have been worn out or lost, they have been replaced by steamships. The merchants of Hull now own a fleet of 184 steamships. If these vessels were placed in one continued line, the bow of one close to the stern of another, they would reach a distance of nearly ten miles. The tonnage of the whole fleet is 222,307 tons, and the average tonnage of each ship 1,208 tons.

The largest steamship owners in Hull are Messrs. T. Wilson, Sons, and Co., of which firm C. H. Wilson, Esq., M.P. for Hull, is the principal partner. Messrs. Wilson own fifty-six vessels, of which the *Galileo* (2,990 tons), built in 1881, is the largest. Their smallest ship is the *Falcon* (440 tons), built in 1854. If Messrs. Wilson's vessels were placed in one unbroken line they would reach a distance of rather more than two miles and five furlongs.

We must not omit to notice the large fleet of fishing smacks belonging to Hull, which now numbers between 420 and 430 vessels. During the year 1881 21,538 tons of fish were caught at sea by the Hull smacks.

Some idea of the trade carried on through this port may be formed from the following statement of the principal imports and exports during the year ending 31st December, 1881. The quantity of grain of various kinds annually imported is very great. During last year the importation of wheat amounted to 1,065,830 quarters, of barley to 347,320 quarters, of maize to 364,589 quarters, and of oats, beans, and peas, to 213,004 quarters. Of seeds the following are the quantities imported. Linseed 736,545 quarters, rapeseed



KINGSTON-UPON-HULL IN 1768

is a fine Elizabethan pile, on the Beverley Road, originally "The Kingston College," but purchased by the Corporation of the Trinity House in 1851, and converted into a hospital. These several hospitals are adapted to accommodate 340 Master Mariners and Seamen, as well as their wives and widows.

Before the Reformation a number of the brethren of this Guild performed, on Plough Monday in each year, a miracle play in the streets of Hull. The subject generally selected was "Noah's Flood"—no doubt on account of its maritime character. The following entries, taken from the old account books of the House, of expenses incurred by these exhibitions will probably be read with interest:—

1485.—To Noah and his wife	0	1	6
To Robert Brown, playing God	0	0	6
To a shipwright for clinking [<i>i.e.</i> , talking] Noah's ship	0	0	7
Straw for Noah and his children	0	0	2
To Noah for playing	0	1	0
To the waits for going about with the ship	0	0	6
1494.—To Thomas Sawyer, playing God	0	0	10
To Jenkin Smith, playing Noah	0	1	0
To Noah's wife	0	0	8
For three skins for Noah's coat, making it, and a rope to hang the ship in the kirk	0	7	0
Making Noah's ship	5	8	0
Rigging Noah's ship	0	0	8

THE DOCKS

We have already mentioned that the Dock Company of Kingston-upon-Hull was created in 1774. The trade of the port had by that time increased to such an extent that the old Harbour was constantly crowded with vessels. In 1778 the first, or "Old Dock," now known as the Queen's Dock, was opened. Its water area is nearly ten acres. Its construction commenced a new epoch in the history of Hull. From that time the town has grown with marvellous rapidity. In 1777 the population only numbered 15,678. In the census of 1881 it is returned at 161,519. The Humber Dock was opened in 1809, and the Prince's Dock (of which we give a view) in 1829. These three docks follow the

with astonishing rapidity from the hold of a vessel by means of steam or hydraulic cranes, their contents thrown into an immense funnel planted on the quay, through which the grain appears to sink into the earth, but is in reality drawn by atmospheric suction to its destination in a distant warehouse. Elsewhere he will see vast quantities of fruit of almost every kind from near and distant climes being landed. Cargoes of coal being shipped in one place, bales of hemp or flax and cases of bacon and hams being landed in other places, go to make up the varied and busy scenes of the Hull dock quays. Gigantic pieces of agricultural machinery are constantly being exported from Hull for use on the plains of Russia, Hungary, and South America. On the south side of the Albert Dock the visitor will come upon the fish landing-stage, known as "Billingsgate." Here almost every day a score of fishing smacks arrive, and within a few hours their cargoes are offered for sale in the fish shops of our principal inland towns. These, however, are not the only sights which may be witnessed on the quays of the Hull docks. The student of human character will find abundance of interesting "subjects." Little knots of foreign sailors may often be seen eagerly conversing in their native tongue. During the past two or three years every few days large groups of Norwegian, Swedish, or German peasants, in their picturesque attire, are seen wandering about the quays. They are on their way to their new Transatlantic homes. They bring with them their little children, their aged grandsires and grandames, and the most precious of their household treasures. Now they are eager and expectant. Strong hope is nursing them for the discomforts of their voyage. When they reach their distant destinies, however, the recollections of their native land will come back to them with increasing intensity of tenderness every day, and often will the eye be wet and the heart be sad with thoughts of the dear old homes which they have for ever left.

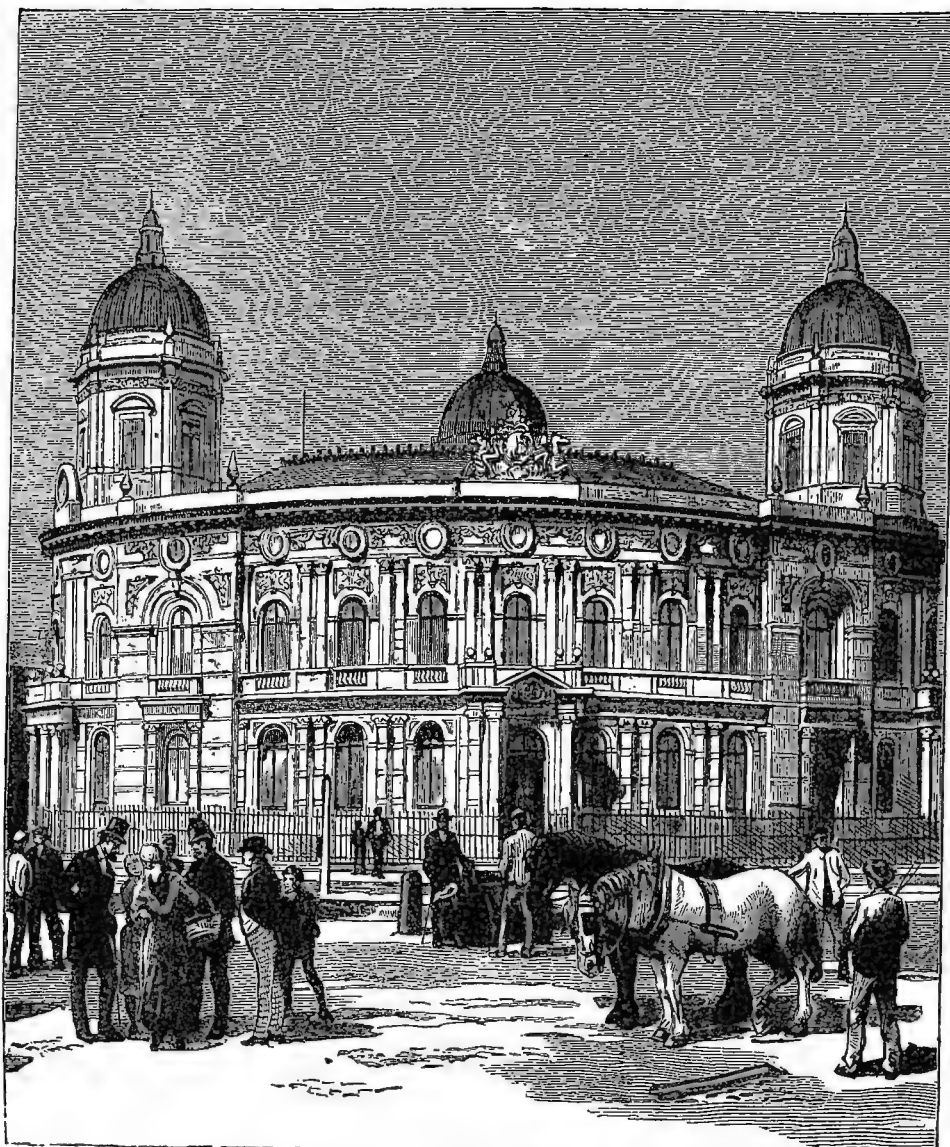
COMMERCE OF THE PORT

It is usually believed that the town of Hull was founded by Edward I. in 1296, and that before that time Hull consisted only of scattered fishermen's and herdsmen's huts. A few facts may serve to disabuse the mind of the reader of this mistake. As early as 1198 Gervasius de Aldermannesberie accounted for 225 marks for 45 sacks of wool seized and sold at Hull. Seven years later (1205), in the comptots of William de Wrotham and his companions, collectors of the duty called Quinzime, we find Hull ranking the

71,769 quarters, of cotton seed 119,210 tons, and of clover-seed 43,967 tons. The importation of hemp and flax is great: 295,321 tons of the former and 93,237 tons of the latter being the quantities for last year. During last year 15,870 tons of bacon and 1,695 tons of ham arrived here, the latter being not more than one-third the quantity imported in the previous year. Of potatoes 12,805 tons were brought into the port, which, however, is about one-tenth the average of the three previous years. Of butter the quantity was 7,619 tons.

Every visitor to Hull who has traversed the quays of the docks has seen the multitudes of enormous piles of deals and timber on the wharves of the Albert and Victoria Docks and in the vicinity of the large timber ponds which adjoin the latter. The purpose for which so much wood can be required will be an insoluble mystery to the uninitiated. During the last year 68,391 "loads" of timber and 281,325 "loads" of deals were landed at Hull, but these figures will convey no idea of the immense quantity to those who do not know what the word "load" here means. Of iron 39,997 tons were imported. Of some other articles of commerce we must take the returns of 1880. In that year the importation of wool amounted to 22,400,303 lbs., of woollen rags to 49,862,400 lbs., and of cotton wool to 7,144,480 lbs. In the same year 35,085 sheep and lambs, and 11,223 head of cattle and calves were imported. Of fish, brought from foreign ports, consisting chiefly of Norwegian mackerel, and Dutch and other shell-fish, the quantity amounted to 11,985 tons. During the season of oranges the quays are often redolent with the odour of that fruit. In 1880 260,618 bushels of oranges were brought into Hull. Other articles imported in large or small quantities are cheese, fruit and vegetables of almost every kind, ice, and yeast. Of the last-named article 157,912 baskets were imported in 1880. If we mention bark, bones and bone-ash, glass, glass-beads (enormous quantities), guano, hides, olive oil, metal ore, tar, zinc, and, lastly, spirits and tobacco, we have probably enumerated the principal articles the importation of which gives employment to the vessels trading to Hull.

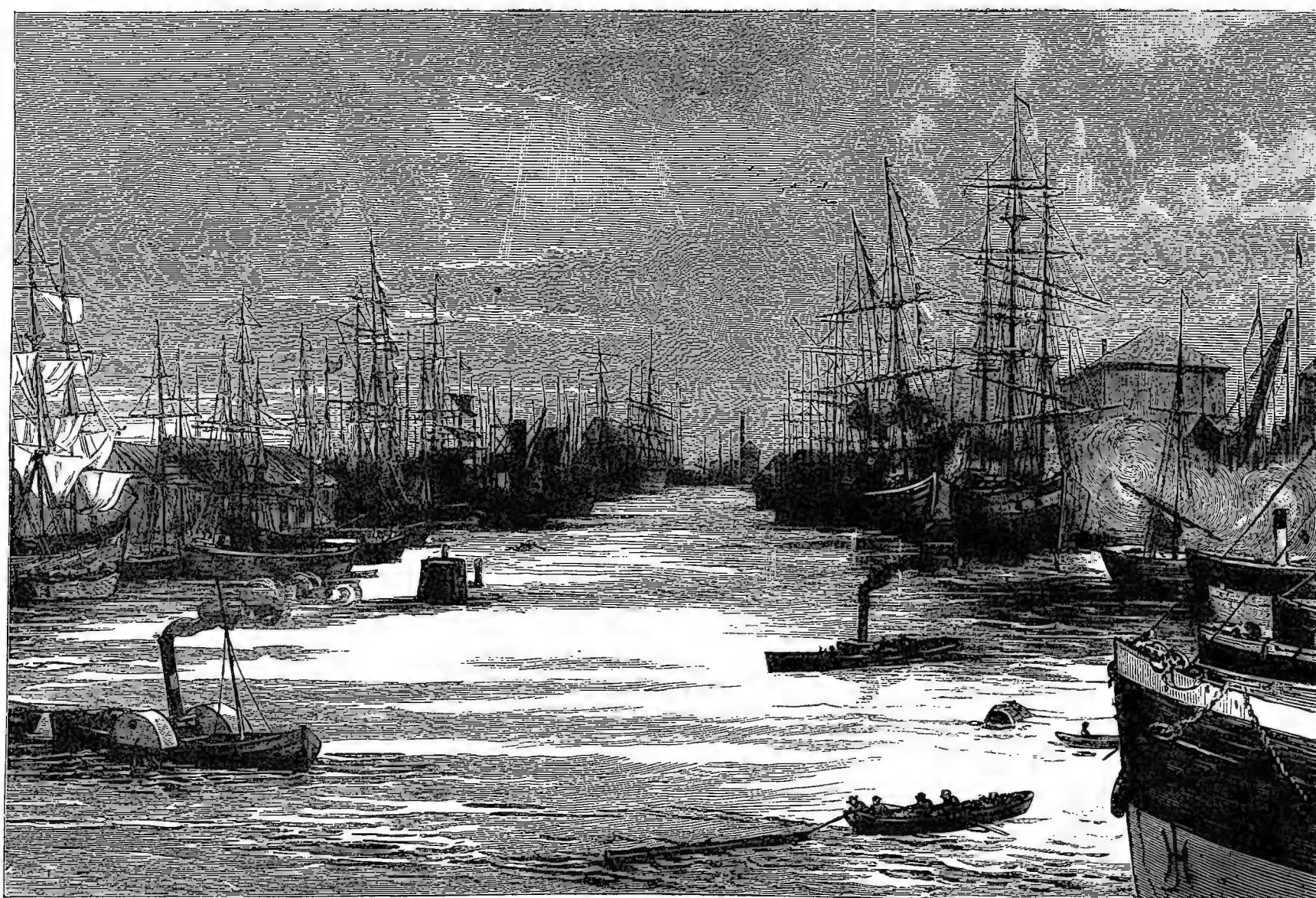
The principal exports from Hull consist of coal, calico, cotton yarn, and thread, linen, woollen and worsted yarn, linseed oil and cotton oil, paints and colours, and machinery of almost every description. During the year 1881 616,155 tons of coal were exported from Hull, of which the largest quantities were sent to Germany, Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Holland, and France; whilst



THE DOCK OFFICES



THE CORN EXCHANGE



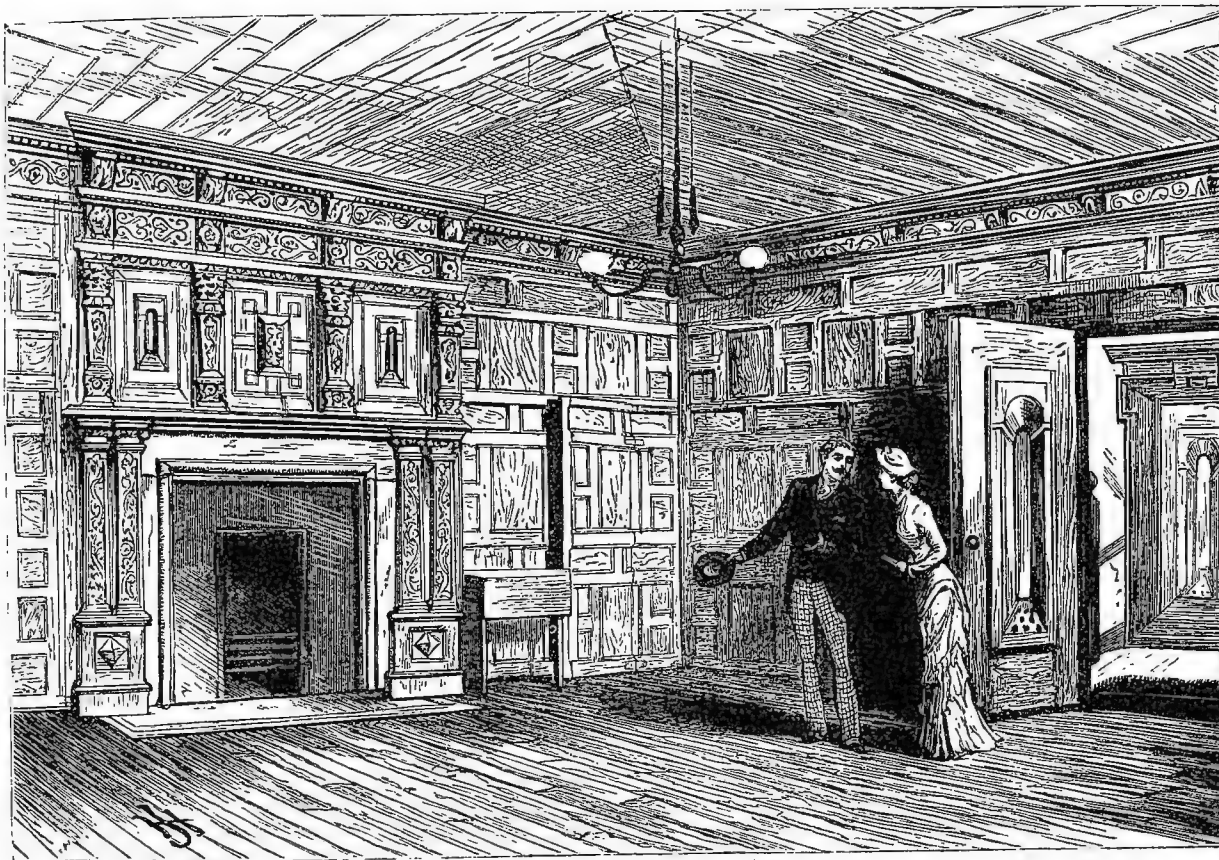
ALBERT DOCK



STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM DE LA POLE IN THE TOWN HALL



DE LA POLE HOUSE



THE PLOTTING CHAMBER



STAIRCASE

THE WHITE HART INN



STATUE OF EDWARD I. IN THE TOWN HALL



KING'S HEAD CHAMBERS

smaller quantities went to Egypt, Africa, and the West Indies. Of calico, plain and printed, 81,414,050 yards were sent abroad, of which the largest quantities went to Holland. Of cotton yarn and thread the quantity exported was 71,380,850 lbs. The export of linen was 3,090,900 yards. Of woollen and worsted yarns 17,608,100 lbs. were exported. The value of woollens, flannels, &c., exported in 1880, amounted to 731,161*l.*, and of worsteds, to 605,607*l.* During 1881, of cotton oil 11,576 tons were exported from Hull, and of linseed oil 8,753 tons.

The principal staple trades of Hull are ship-building and seed-crushing. Since the application of steam to the latter branch of industry the trade has enormously increased, and vast quantities of cotton and linseed oil and of oilseed-cake are now manufactured in Hull.

THE CORPORATION AND ITS HOME

A HISTORY of the Hull Corporation would be a history of the town. Anything of this kind is beyond our purpose. Suffice it to say that the Corporation of Hull possesses a large quantity of property in various parts of the town, much of which it holds in trust for the purposes of various ancient charities. The local government of the town is vested in fourteen Aldermen and forty-two Town Councillors. The rateable value of property within the borough is 586,676*l.* The present Town Hall was opened in 1866, and stands upon a portion of the site of the ancient Manor House. The main structure is a square block, with subordinate offices projecting in the rear. The building is of elegant design, though it is next to impossible to get a good view of it, on account of the nearness of the surrounding property. In the centre of the front there is an elegantly decorated tower, the height of which is 135 feet. It contains an illuminated clock. The front of the hall is faced with stone, with Portland stone cornice, Mansfield columns in front, and pilasters at the sides. The remainder of the building is of white stock bricks, with stone dressings. The frieze is decorated with boys holding festoons and flowers, and the parapet has an ornamented balustrade. At each angle of the building is a turret rising 25 feet above the roof. The windows are recessed, and have semi-circular heads, with columns, capitals, and bases. At each extremity of the front and in the pilasters of the tower are niches containing figures. The hall is approached by a broad flight of steps. On entering the vestibule we have on our right a colossal marble statue, by Keyworth, of Sir Michael de la Pole, of whom we have spoken before. The effigy, we believe, is copied from his monument in the church of Wingfield, Suffolk. On entering the hall we are struck by the general beauty of its design. On the ground floor are the offices of the various departments. Before us is the grand staircase, the steps of red Mansfield stone, with perforated Caen stone balustrades, and a Sicilian marble hand-rail a foot in breadth. In the centre of the first landing stands a noble marble statue of Edward I. It was executed by Earle, of Hull, the friend and pupil of Chantrey. Inscribed on the pedestal is a portion of the charter which Edward granted to the town. On the second landing is a statue of Sir William de la Pole, the first Mayor of Hull, of which we give an engraving, another of Andrew Marvell, of whom more anon, and others of two of the more recent worthies of Hull. On the same landing and in several of the rooms a considerable number of portraits of ancient and modern worthies, M.P.'s, Mayors, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Town Clerks, may be seen. The banqueting-room is an especially elegant apartment, and ought to be seen by every appreciative visitor to Hull. The cost of the entire edifice was 50,000*l.*

THE WATER SUPPLY

THE history of the Water Supply of Hull is curious. Early as 1376 we find the inhabitants complaining to the King (Edward III.) that they could procure no fresh water but what was brought at great expense in boats from Lincolnshire, and affirming that the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, at the foot of the Yorkshire wolds, refused to allow them any water from their abundant springs. No effectual remedy of the grievance was then supplied. In the year 1401 the people of Hull were still dependent upon Lincolnshire for their supply of fresh water. They again memorialised the King. The result was that a drain was constructed from the "Julian's Well," near the village of Anlaby to Hull for the purpose of conveying a sufficient quantity of the fresh water which sprang up there from the chalk hills on the west. Whilst the work was in progress, the inhabitants of the villages assailed the labourers, drove them away and filled the "dyke." In the end, however, the assailants were taken prisoners to Hull, and, after spending some time in gaol, were made to do penance every year by walking with bare feet and uncovered heads to the Church of Holy Trinity in Hull, where they were to offer wax-tapers as an atonement for their transgression. In addition to this they were, as we should say, "bound over to keep the peace," failing in which certain penalties were to be paid to the Vicar of Holy Trinity and to the Chamberlains of Hull. After this the works were allowed to be completed, and for more than 400 years the drain then made conducted to Hull its only supply of fresh water. In 1613 works were constructed, on the site now known as "Engine Street," for the purpose of more efficiently distributing the supply, and the wooden pipes laid at that time are even now occasionally dug up. In 1842 it was considered that the supply coming from the "Julian Wells," or, as the place has been called in modern times, "Spring Head," was no longer sufficient for the rapidly-increasing town. Attention was directed to the River Hull, and it was thought that by filtering its water the wants of the town could be met. Accordingly in 1844 waterworks were erected at Stone Ferry, about three miles up the river, which, with additional engines added in 1850, have cost upwards of 100,000*l.* After a time it was discovered that the river-water was unwholesome, being contaminated with the sewage of inland villages. The public eye was again turned to Spring Head. Bores were sunk, engines erected, and a main to Stone Ferry laid down. In 1864 the Spring Head works were completed. Since then a direct communication from there to the town has been opened, and Hull now enjoys an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water. The town consumes at the present time more than five million gallons per day, or about 32½ gallons per head of the entire population. In addition to this it ought to be stated that the large suburb of

Newington has its own waterworks, constructed upon the same principle as the works at Spring Head, and capable, we understand, of affording a supply of three million gallons per day.

THE STREETS

UNTIL a recent period Hull was one of the least accessible large towns in the Kingdom. It was customary, not a century ago, to describe it as being situated in a "remote corner of Yorkshire." Before the establishment of railways, coaches ran daily from Leeds, York, and Doncaster to Hull. The communication with the southern counties was effected, however, by ferrying across the Humber to Barton, and from thence by coach to the intended destination. In early times the ferry plied between Barton and Hessele, and from the latter place the traveller made his way as best he could along the low-lying and often dangerous road to Hull. In later days the passage between Hull and Barton was long and perilous. Comparatively regular and safe communication between Hull and the north of Lincolnshire has only been established since the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company commenced plying their packets across the river. Even now in times of dense fog, or when the river is almost covered with floating masses of ice, the traffic is suspended, and occasionally passengers from the south of England intending to reach Hull in the evening find themselves obliged to stay at New Holland until the following day, on account of the temporary impossibility of working the ferry.

It is said that much depends upon first impressions, and, hitherto, we could scarcely expect the first impressions of Hull in the mind of a stranger arriving by the New Holland ferry to be favourable. The old Victoria Pier, on which stood the guns, one of which our artist has sketched, has been removed within the past few months. It was a disgrace to Hull. The new pier at present being constructed will be an ornament.

For the purpose of a rapid survey of the streets of Hull we can have no better starting point than the pier, before leaving which, however, let us have a good look at the river. At a little distance on our left we see the Humber training ship, *Southampton*, an old war vessel, on which about 250 neglected lads from almost every part of Yorkshire are trained for a seafaring life. At a short distance a man-of-war vessel, the *Repulse*, rides at anchor. The moment we leave the pier we are at South End. Most of the land in this neighbourhood has been recovered from the Humber during the past hundred years. In 1730 there was still in existence at South End the famous "Cucking Stool," in which scolds were veritably immersed in the river.

Leaving South End we turn into Queen Street, and presently cross Humber Street, which a century ago was close upon the river from which it takes its name. Turning eastward we reach the southern end of High Street, and have on our right the site upon which the old Chain House stood, whence in former times a chain was stretched every night across the mouth of the River Hull for the protection of the harbour. On the left we have the low old archway leading to Blackfriar Gate, through which, it is said, in ancient days, even kings have passed, after landing at the neighbouring jetty, on their way into the town. Returning to Queen Street, and pursuing our way northwards, we reach the corner of Blackfriar Gate on our right, and are reminded of our proximity to the site of the monastery of the Order of St. Augustine, or Black Friars, founded by Sir Galfrid de Hothum in 1314. On our left we have Blanket Row, and the name gives us the opportunity of mentioning that till the close of the sixteenth century the exportation of woollen goods was one of the staple trades of Hull. Still proceeding northwards, we come upon Myton Gate on our left, which serves to perpetuate the name of one of the ancient vills that Hull absorbed six hundred years ago. On our right is Fetter Lane, a thoroughfare so narrow that it has to be diligently sought to be found at all, and in which, till the year 1783, stood the gaol. We are now in the Market Place, and the first object we notice is the gilded equestrian statue of William III., erected by the burgesses of Hull in 1734, who styled that monarch "our great deliverer." A few steps further, and we gain an excellent view of the east end and of the tower of the magnificent church of Holy Trinity. Turning down the street on its south side we come upon the old Grammar School, founded in 1486, by John Alcocke, Bishop successively of Rochester, Worcester, and Ely, and the son and grandson of Hull merchants. Here many of the great and good men of Hull have received their first education. Here the father of Andrew Marvell—the "Reverend" Andrew Marvell—was master, and an inscription in Greek over the master's seat is ascribed to him. The present building dates from the year 1583, and was erected chiefly by one William Gee, a benevolent merchant and mayor of Hull. It has been disused for about two years, and, we understand, is doomed ere long to be taken down. Returning to the Market Place we pass the east end of Trinity Church, and just casting a glance at the White Horse Yard—the site of a grand hotel, once the property of the De la Poles—and passing the new and elegant General Post Office, we arrive at the corner of Scale Lane on our right, named from a family of Hull merchants settled here as early as the close of the thirteenth century. Before us we have the handsome building in which the Hull Banking Company transacts its business. We give an engraving of this fine structure. Still proceeding northwards we enter Lowgate, and presently arrive at the corner of Bishop Lane on our right, and of Bowlalley Lane on our left. The former reminds us of the residence here of the suffragan Bishops of Hull, the last of whom was Robert Pursglove, who died in 1579, and was buried in the beautiful church of his native village, Tideswell, in Derbyshire. At the corner of Bowlalley Lane stands the Exchange, a fine building in the Italian style, which was opened in 1861. A little further on our right stands St. Mary's Church, and still further on our left the Town Hall. Retracing our steps a little way we turn into Bowlalley Lane, and presently find ourselves in the renowned "Land of Green Ginger." This is the name of a short street which brings us again into one of the main thoroughfares in the town. Turning to the right we are in Whitefriar Gate, the whole of the south side of which was once occupied by the monastery of the Carmelites or White Friars. Six newspapers are issued in Hull, which are all published in this street. These are the *Eastern Morning News* and the *Hull* (evening) *Express*, both daily papers, the *Hull News*, the *Eastern Counties' Herald*, the *Hull Packet*, and the *Hull Times*, all weeklies. Hull has also its *Bellman*, a successful satirical journal published every Friday, which from time to time has

had a number of short-lived imitators. We have now reached the "Monument" Bridge. On our right and left we have excellent views of two of the older docks. Before us stands the Wilberforce Monument, and on our right the magnificent building containing the offices of the Hull Dock Company. The position occupied by this beautiful structure is one of the best, if not the very best, in the whole town. Excellent views of it may be obtained from many points. The interior arrangements are admirable, and the rooms used for the meetings of the directors and proprietors are most elegant. Meanwhile we are standing upon the Dock bridge. This is formed of two leaves which are frequently raised early in the morning and in the evening, and occasionally in the middle of the day, to allow the passage of vessels from one dock to the other. In this way great hindrances to street traffic are sometimes caused.

From the corners of two adjoining streets tram-cars run to a considerable distance upon all the principal roads leading out of the town, thus rendering access to all the chief suburbs easy. The fares are remarkably low for the distances they cover. Passing through one or two short streets we enter Prospect Street, and on our left we have the Hull General Infirmary, built in 1782. This is one of the noblest charities in the county, having an annual expenditure of about 7,000*l.* Its several wards contain 160 beds, exclusive of the accommodation afforded by the adjoining Fever Hospital. In addition to all this, large numbers of out-patients are treated. The medical staff of this institution has always been most efficient. As an interesting evidence of the rapid growth of Hull, it may be mentioned that when the Infirmary was built, just a century ago, it was surrounded on every side by green fields, and the originators of the institution congratulated the public that they had selected a site which would always secure to patients the benefit of "fresh country air."

Turning into Albion Street, we pass the "Church Institute" on our left, and presently reach the Royal Institution. This beautiful building (of which we give an engraving) was opened in 1854 by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort. It is the home of two Institutions, the "Hull Subscription Library" and the "Hull Literary and Philosophical Society," the former occupying the southern, and the latter the northern portion of the edifice.

The Subscription Library was established in 1775, and contains at the present time nearly 17,000 distinct works, many of which are in sets of several hundred volumes. It also contains a large number of exceedingly rare and valuable books.

The Literary and Philosophical Society was formed in 1822. Its portion of the Royal Institution embraces a Museum, rich in geological and anthropological specimens, a large Lecture Hall, and a series of ante-rooms. Returning to Prospect Street, we pursue our way to the Beverley Road, and, at its commencement, notice the extensive paint and colour works of Messrs. Blundell, Spence, and Co. A little way on our right we see the Kingston Hospital, to which we have previously referred when speaking of the Trinity House. Further still, and on the same side of the road, stands the immense pile of buildings which constitute the Workhouse of the Sculcoates Union. It is a large and handsome structure, in the Tudor style, built in 1844.

Beverley Road is one of the most pleasing approaches to the town of Hull. It is lined for a distance of nearly two miles with the houses of many of the wealthier families of the town. Many of these are fine mansions, and bear external and internal evidence that they are occupied by persons of cultured taste. A short avenue leads from Beverley Road to the Public Park, the site of which was given to the town in 1860 by Mr. Z. C. Pearson, then Mayor of Hull, a gentleman who, despite the many adversities he has since suffered, is respected by every one who knows him. The site contains about twenty-seven acres, which are most beautifully laid out. The park is surrounded on three sides by villa residences.

Crossing the Park from Beverley Road we emerge on the Prince's Avenue, from which the recently laid-out boulevards branch off. Turning to the left, we soon reach the entrance to the Hull General Cemetery which covers over twenty acres. A little distance on our right are the new Botanic Gardens, which occupy a space of about fifty-six acres, and bid fair in time to become a most delightful resort for the people of Hull.

Turning townwards we come upon one of our most pleasing suburban roads,—the Spring Bank,—so called because it follows the course of the banks of the drain which for so long conveyed the water from Spring Head to Hull. The unbroken row of lime trees which stands in the centre of the road adds greatly to its pleasing aspect. The Hull Seamen's and General Orphanage is on our right, a noble building in the Elizabethan style, erected in 1865 and enlarged in 1876. The total cost was 19,000*l.* The institution affords a home to about 170 children. Proceeding along Spring Bank we come by and by to Park Street, on our right, into which we turn. The greater part of the street is occupied by respectable residences, but after traversing two-thirds its length we come to the Artillery Barracks on our left, and exactly opposite we have the Sailors' Orphan Home, a plain but substantial and extensive building, in which 190 orphans find refuge. A little further, on the same side, there stands the Hull and East Riding College, and opposite we have the "Corporation Field," looking desolate enough at most times, but considerably brisk early on Tuesday and Friday mornings, when the "Early Market" is held, and especially lively once a year, when it is the centre of the great Hull October Fair. At a little distance we see the beautiful spire of St. Stephen's Church. Crossing the North Eastern Railway Company's lines, by the Park Street bridge, we are on the Anlaby Road, another of our beautiful suburban roads. Going westward we pass the Nunnery, a gloomy looking edifice, and the Hull Workhouse, a building in the Italian style, having a very pleasing aspect. It was erected in 1852, and it capable of accommodating 600 paupers.

We must now return. On our way back to the Old Town we shall notice the fine buildings of the North-Eastern Railway Station and the adjoining hotel. Crossing the Station Yard we enter Paragon Street, and in a few moments find ourselves in front of the Theatre. Of this building we give an engraving. The management is excellent, and the interior arrangements all that could be desired.

We have now completed our perambulation of the principal streets of Hull. The chief of the public institutions which we have

not hitherto noticed are the following:—The Young People's Christian and Literary Institute, in Charlotte Street, has 2,500 members, and 750 students in the Science and Art Classes. The Lyceum Library in St. John's Street contains about 17,000 volumes. The Children's Hospital in Storey Street, the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the Institute for the Blind are also deserving of mention.

ANDREW MARVELL

AMONGST the worthies of Hull Andrew Marvell deservedly takes a high position. The place of his birth, long thought to be Hull, is now known to have been the charming little village of Winestead in Holderness, thirteen miles east of Hull, where, at the time, his father was Rector. In the register of Winestead Church, amongst the entries of 1621, comes the following:—"Andrew, ye sonne of Andrew Marvell, borne Martji ultimo, being Easter-even, was baptized Apr. 5to." When young Andrew was less than four years old his father removed to Hull, and there undertook three charges: Master of the Charter House, Lecturer at Holy Trinity Church, and Master of the Grammar School, where the son received his first education. Thence he went to Cambridge, and after leaving college spent several years in travel through Holland, France, Spain, and Italy. In 1658 he was elected one of the representatives in Parliament of the borough of Hull. This office he held to the time of his death in 1678. Marvell was an incorruptible patriot, and a faithful representative of his town. Constantly he despatched at stated times to the Mayor and Aldermen of Hull full, and now almost as much as then, interesting accounts of Parliamentary doings. The poetry of Marvell deserves to be read by every student of the best English literature of the seventeenth century.

THE PEOPLE

HULL has now, as it has ever had, its worthies. The people generally are social, hospitable, and generous. Alike amongst the wealthy and the poor there is a large proportion of true intelligence. The School of Art and the various facilities for scientific education are largely used. The Saturday afternoon lectures to working men, often attended by more than a thousand persons, have done very much during the past few years to popularise a knowledge of almost every branch of modern culture. The great desideratum of the town is a Public Free Library, and this need, it is to be hoped, will be supplied at no distant date. The people of Hull are cleaner than in many towns. There is more than the usual degree of "house-pride" amongst all ranks. In the houses of families in the middle and artisan classes there is frequently an aspect of gentility which it is pleasing to see. There is probably less worship paid to Bacchus in Hull than in any English town of its size, and certainly less than in any other large seaport. The people as a rule treat you with extreme courtesy, and as you walk through the streets you are not subjected to the usual amount of jostling.

J. R. BOYLE



IN spite of its length, and the fact that some of the letters have already become familiar in England through Lady Wallace's translations, there are few recent books that compare with "The Mendelssohn Family" (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.), either in point of popular interest or lasting value. Much, no doubt, is already known in this country of a remarkable family. The commanding influence of the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, not only upon his co-religionists, the Jews, but also upon the thought and culture of his age; and the winning personality and graceful musical genius of Felix are quite familiar to the reading sections of the nation. But these letters and extracts from family journals, framed and connected as they are by able and entertaining comment, are particularly welcome. Felix, naturally, is the principal figure in the book, and in the new letters, as in those already known to us, his extreme delicacy and tenderness of feeling, and his goodness, nobility, and perennial, spring-like brightness of spirit, are delightfully apparent. As Mr. Grove remarks in his introductory notice, there are few persons whose intimate correspondence can be laid bare in this way without suffering from the process; yet, though a good deal here given to the world is often private in the highest degree, the beauty of the composer's character is never diminished. More important than this, however, is the invaluable insight afforded into the history of his works, and the growth of his genius. There is an idyllic attraction in the account of the singular poetic life of the family in the garden-house at Leipziger Strasse, No. 3, Berlin, wherein used to gather much of German intellectual society, and a circle of animated and delightful friends. It is indeed to this delicately fantastic dream-like life that we owe the wonderful *scherso* of the *Otello*, destined as a birthday present for Rietz, and the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with its singular charm and freshness. The influence of Shakespeare—through the Schlegel-Tieck translation, probably—in the latter is of course indisputable, but the music is quite as much an outcome of a certain pleasant year in that lovely garden. But though Felix, is the centre of attraction, the pictures of his gifted sister, Fanny, and her artist husband, Hensel; of his father, who with his shrewd insight and humour is a new and striking personality; and of Moses, the self-taught philosopher and patriarchal Jew gentleman, are full of the deepest interest. Few will take up the book without reading it through to the end; it is one that nobody should miss. A good word is due to the translators of the original, by Sebastian Hensel—Karl Klingemann and an anonymous American collaborator—who have done their work with unusual intelligence and care.

"Six Months in the Ranks; or, the Gentleman Private" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is a title that does not inspire any great confidence in the truth of the narrative it characterises. Nevertheless, that narrative certainly bears strong internal evidence of having been written by a man who has lived through the scenes he describes; and who, moreover, has used his opportunities of observation to very considerable advantage. The story on the whole is not new, nor very edifying; but it certainly is amusing, and not without dramatic interest. The hero, if he is one, is a young man who, supposed to be trying for the army, was really spending his father's substance in cigars, dog-carts, and champagne, and who made rather more progress with his tutor's daughters than with his studies. The tutor, finding this out, naturally sent him home; as an alternative he turned his attention to the law. This ended—as it often does—in burlesque actresses and gambling, which finally reduced him to the ranks. Once there, however, he worked hard, and seems on the whole to have done remarkably well. The sketches of the various characters he met are fairly well drawn; whilst the incidents and adventures, amatory and otherwise, that fill a good

part of the volume are by no means without attraction. But the chief value of the book lies in the very strong and unpleasant light it throws upon our army system, and especially the tremendous evils and expenses directly entailed by our method of recruiting. On these grounds, if on them only, it becomes of considerable importance, for the state of things it discloses clearly demands inquiry and reform in the national interest. In most cases, moreover, the remedies are simple, and only too obvious.

It is not often that a paper read before a society is worth republishing in book form. Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's monograph on "Bookbinding" (Elliot Stock), however, is a noteworthy exception. It treats in a very thorough and comprehensive way, so far that is, as its limits permit, of book-binding considered as a fine art, the French bindings of Grolier and De Thou and the English work of the eighteenth century were often extremely beautiful in ornament and finish—as a mechanical art, and as a manufacture. It may be considered a very able introduction to a recondite and by no means easy subject. The discussion that followed the paper, which was read before the Society of Arts, is printed as an appendix, and very interesting it is. It does one good, for instance, to learn on the authority of Mr. Bernard Quaritch that Francis Bedford, an English binder of the present day, has produced work far surpassing "any French binding he had ever seen, except in age."

It is a good thing that the worth of a book is not to be measured by its size. Mr. John Collier's "Primer of Art" (Macmillan) is but an insignificant looking little volume; yet its contents are more than usually noteworthy. All the "Primers" belonging to this series are good; but the book before us must rank amongst the best. In its very nature of course it is only an introduction to a great subject; but as an introduction it is absolutely the best we have seen. It is terse, practical, sensible, and withal pleasant. In the more scientific portions it is exact and clear; whilst in the purely æsthetic departments it is entirely free from fashionable frivolity. In short, plainness and thoroughness, within its prescribed limits, are its distinguishing characteristics; and where long-standing conventions are set aside in favour of new systems, the change is always based upon good reason and professional experience. For instance, in recommending oil in preference to water-colours for the first training of the student, we take it that the author is in antagonism with a well-established practice. Teachers have always been in the habit hitherto of beginning colour studies with water-colours; for what reason is not conceivable, since oils admit of far greater freedom of alteration than water, in manipulating which, Accident is a distinct, and, to a beginner, a very embarrassing feature. Much more might be said on this and other important points, if space permitted; but we must refer the reader to the book, which should be in the hands of every Art teacher, student, and amateur.

Much more pretentious in style and appearance is "A Course of Lessons in Landscape Painting in Oils," by A. F. Grace (Cassell). It is gorgeously illustrated with nine "reproductions in colour," after Turner, Constable, De Wint, Müller, F. Walker, and others, including the author himself, and with several more or less commendable wood-cuts. These coloured pictures are very pretty in their way, and they undoubtedly set off the book. But, excepting as guides to composition, we should say they are not of the slightest use to the student. The fact is, the most elaborate and truthful "reproductions" are always innocent of the very qualities that the young artist ought most to see, and these are no exceptions to the rule. One glance at the original of either of these nine plates would tell a beginner more about colour, management of tone and light and shade, and handling, than a room-full of oleographs, or any other "graphs," simply because on those points reproductions can tell him absolutely nothing. The letter-press, however, is very good of its kind, and certainly repays perusal. There is a brief though comprehensive and well-written sketch of the history of Landscape painting; whilst the chapters on "How to See," "Form," "Perspective," "Composition," "Tone," and other branches of a peculiarly English art, are in every way commendable. If the student quietly ignores the coloured illustrations he will find this course of lessons of considerable benefit; it conveys a good deal of important teaching in a very readable and effective manner. So pleasant, indeed, is the author's style that general readers will find the book as entertaining as it is informative.

The "A. B. C. of Art" (W. H. Allen and Co.) is a quaint little monograph of thirty-three small pages by Mr. R. T. Stothard, F.S.A., apparently on things in general. Not only does the author deal with such matters as disproportions, the laws of light and shade, backgrounds, straight lines, and primitive colours; not only does he lament the little that is done for Art, and the detrimental effect of fashions, but he also discourses on the metaphysical complexities of morality and intellect, and arrives by a curious process of reasoning at the conclusion that "there should be a fixed age of affiancé, a limited period to court, and a time for those to marry." What this has to do with Art is not quite clear, but its good sense we are hardly prepared to question, though we certainly feel sceptical about its grammar.

The volume for 1881 of the *Art Journal* (Virtue and Co.) shows a very marked advance on previous issues in many ways, but particularly as regards its illustrations. The always old-fashioned and often very inartistic steel engravings have to a great extent given place to admirable etchings, and here and there some beautiful *fac similes* of drawings in red chalk by our leading artists. These *fac similes*, indeed, are a feature of the volumes before us, and give it quite new value and attraction. The wood-engravings are not by any means all that they might be—unfortunately a peculiarity of English illustrated books just now—but the literary contents, if they include nothing of commanding importance or startling excellence, are on the whole both able and varied. As an exhaustive record of the year's art, and as a handsome embodiment of much that is pleasant and useful, pictorially and otherwise, the *Art Journal* in this volume resumes its position as the leading periodical of its kind.

"The Atlas Geography," by A. H. Macdonnell (H. K. Lewis), is a sensible innovation likely to find favour in children's schools. Its chief object is to teach geography by maps instead of by the usual book system. The plan is this: the pupil learns the position on a coloured map of the seas, rivers, islands, towns, &c., given in the text. This work occupies several lessons; but when the child can find anything and everything readily, the page should be turned over, and the lessons repeated with the blank map which follows. This system has its merits, evidently; it compels understanding and thoroughly exercises the memory. The maps are good, and the descriptive letterpress excellent.

"Our Old Actors," by H. Barton Baker, Popular Edition (Bentley). This is a revised edition of a very entertaining book, which originally appeared in 1878, and which, in its improved and corrected form, deserves a fresh lease of public favour. It is divided into four parts, preceded by a prologue, which briefly tells the story of the drama in this country from the earliest times to the Commonwealth. Then follow successively: the Period from the Restoration to Garrick; the Garrick Period; the Kemble Period; and the Keane and Macready Period. The volume abounds with biographies and well-chosen anecdotes, and constitutes a cleverly-condensed history of the English stage up to a time within the memory of middle-aged persons.

"Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1882" is a useful guide to philanthropic institutions. Its contents are rendered easily accessible by a good classified index, and many even of those who know London best will be surprised at the exuberant mani-

festations of the charitable spirit which are here brought under their notice.

Those who wish to obtain accurate knowledge of the present condition of journalism cannot do better than consult "The Newspaper Press Directory" (C. Mitchell and Co.), which, in spite of the rivalry of similar publications, is still the best book of its kind. From this, the thirty-seventh annual issue, we learn that there are 1,387 newspapers published in London and the provinces, 71 in Wales, 183 in Scotland, 156 in Ireland, and 20 in the Islands, making a grand total of 1,817. The magazines, including reviews, number 1,180, 326 of these being "of a decidedly religious character." The information concerning the politics, date of foundation, and general character of the various newspapers indexed seems to be in all cases trustworthy, and care has been taken to keep the Directory well up to date.

A French grammar which has reached its forty-fifth edition obviously needs little fresh commendation from a reviewer. Of this new edition of "La Grammaire des Grammaires" all we need say is that it contains a new Appendix on the History and Etymology of the French Language from the pen of Professor Roubaud, which is specially prepared to meet the extended scope of University examinations. The addition is one which will still further improve one of the best existing class-books.

"Chess Practice," by H. E. Bird (Sampson Low and Co.), is a book to fascinate all players, whether amateurs or professionals. It contains a careful selection of the best games of the great masters, displayed in the most convenient manner possible, and though intended mainly as a companion or explanatory volume to the author's previous work, "Chess Masterpieces," it really forms an independent volume, and one which must be regarded as an important contribution to chess literature. Mr. Bird is well known as an enthusiastic and able player, and by the compilation of this little book he has done a real service to all lovers of the game.

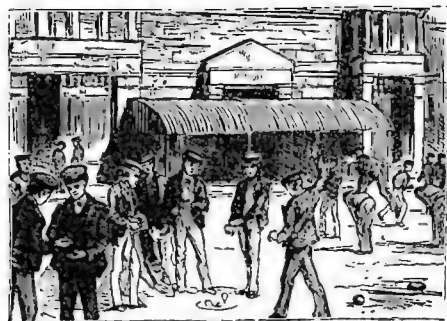
"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Dean and Son). Like other literary annuals, Debrett is perpetually growing bigger and bigger. We can remember when it was a pocket volume. Now it has swollen to quite a formidable size, no less than 420 pages of fresh matter having been added during the last six years. This year there is a new feature in the form of a "Companionage," no less than eighty-seven pages being devoted to biographical sketches of the Companions of Orders of Knighthood and of the Indian Empire. Apart from these additions, Debrett remains, as we have had occasion to say before, the best guide extant for information concerning living members of the nobility and their kinsfolk. Mr. Mair's work as editor is no sinecure, seeing that he sent out 25,000 proofs for correction, and received 18,000 replies. The present edition contains corrections up to January 20th.

Kelly's "Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes." This is the eighth annual edition of a very useful book of reference, inasmuch as it gives some brief account of the greater number of those persons who belong to what is vulgarly called "the upper ten." The book is bigger than it was last year by some 110 pages, numerous additional fish, in the shape of Scotch and Irish landowners, having been swept into Messrs. Kelly's net.

BIRKET FOSTER'S ART CONSIDERED.—The loan collection of water-colour drawings by Birket Foster, now being exhibited at Messrs. Vokins' Galleries in Great Portland Street, is interesting in several ways, but chiefly because it enables one in some sense to sum up the painter's art value, so to speak, and to understand his remarkable popularity. Birket Foster is essentially a painter of pretty little bits. His sympathy with certain phases of rural life and landscape; his extremely neat draughtsmanship; his pleasant choice of subject; and his painstaking finish and elaboration, combined with that faculty for "little bits," appeal to a wide section of the public, who, knowing little or nothing about Art, are quite blind to his all-pervading mannerism, his poor sense of colour, and his very feeble sentiment. His admirers are chiefly pleased, we take it, because they perceive in his works very ordinary facts noted down in a very conscientious, pretty fashion. There is, of course, considerable merit in all this; it is no easy matter to record pictorially and successfully even the dullest of dull incidents; but the result arrived at in the mind of a critical visitor to the Exhibition referred to will be, we fancy, that Birket Foster's art is none of the highest. The first thing that strikes one is, that the artist has very little to say, and says that little over and over again pretty frequently. Take for instance the series of views on the Rhine. If you have seen one, you have practically seen them all; for they are all but identical in effect and colour, if not in subject—the same yellows, and the same blues, blended in just the same way, with the same little spots of red or orange to form a contrast. But his colour is his weakest point—it is seldom pleasing, very rarely true, and often quite inharmonious. The best drawings on the walls are "Greenwich" (No. 6)—which displays not only characteristic truth of detail, but also brilliancy, and delicacy, combined with a sense of space and atmosphere not distinguishable in the rest of his work—and "The Vale of the Tyne Near Newcastle" (82). But though the conception of the latter picture is certainly poetical, it is only partially realised. The artist's peculiar harsh blues prevail, and there is a lack of mystery, whilst the clouds, and mist, and smoke of the town are altogether too hard and solid in treatment. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the picture is pleasing. It is as a draughtsman on wood, and as an illustrator of books, that Mr. Foster's talent is seen to the best advantage. His black and white is seldom ineffective, and seems possessed of more poetic truth and charm than his work in colour, which is often false, and marked by a peculiar cold conventionality anything but satisfying.

THE FREQUENT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS of the present day have drawn attention to the advisability of railway officials possessing some degree of medical knowledge, and the St. John Ambulance Association have accordingly arranged with several of the leading railway companies to form "railway centres" at the London termini, classes in connection being held at provincial stations. An inaugural meeting has been held in connection with the Great Northern Railway, and the Midland and London and North-Western are also expected to join. The value of the work done by this Association can hardly be over-estimated, and it is specially noteworthy that out of the 30,000 pupils who have received certificates not one has attempted to do more than render first aid in the absence of professional help, while surgeons have invariably testified to the skill of this lay-help.

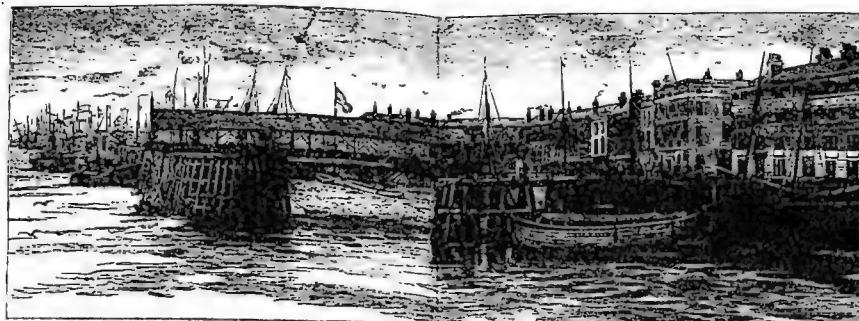
A CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY is told by the Brussels *National*. An artist was recently commanded to paint some Court ceremony, and brought the sketches to the Emperor. Instead, however, of representing the Crown Prince standing upright by his father's side, the painter had sketched him with one foot on the step of the throne where the Emperor was seated. His Majesty at once seized a pencil, scratched out the obnoxious foot, and drew it in its proper place, writing on the margin "Not yet." *Après* of the German Emperor, His Majesty greatly dislikes the ladies' long trains, and at a late Court ball remarked to the wife of a foreign *attaché* whom he observed to be not dancing, and who wore an immense train, that his officers were afraid of playing havoc with her lovely dress. He added, "If I had the slightest power in matters of fashion I should never have tolerated these cumbersome trains at balls. Unfortunately I have been utterly powerless in this respect thus far, but I sincerely rejoice at the prospect of Dame Fashion speedily and sympathetically coming round to my views once more."



TRINITY HOUSE NAVIGATION SCHOOL



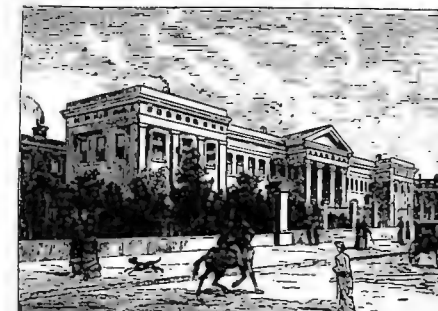
ANDREW MARVELL



HULL FROM THE HUMBER



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE



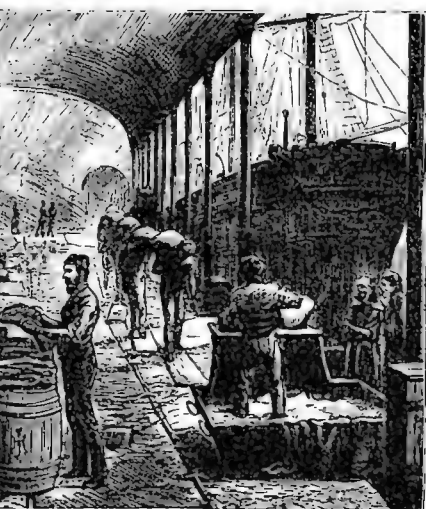
MASTER MARINERS' HOSPITAL



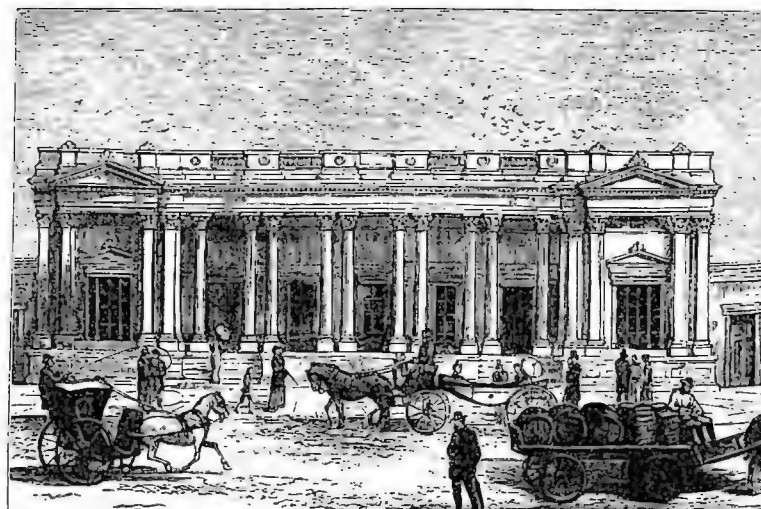
PRINCE'S DOCK



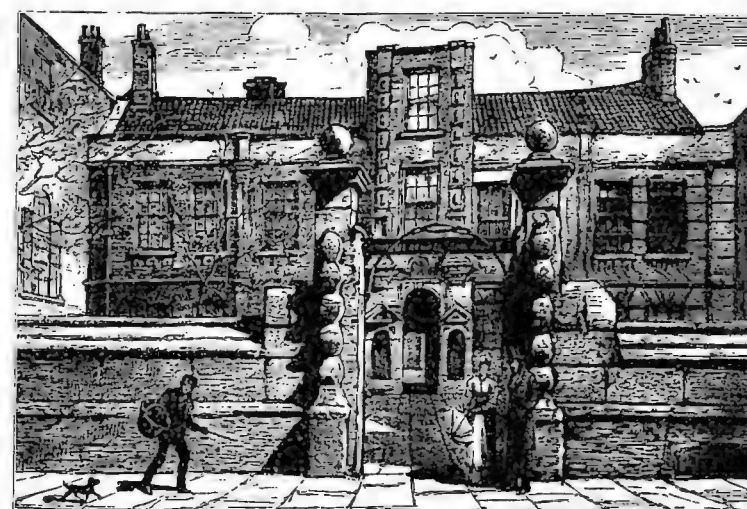
THE MARKET PLACE



UNLOADING GRAIN IN HUMBER DOCK



THE ROYAL INSTITUTION



WILBERFORCE HOUSE



THE THEATRE ROYAL

Marion Fay

(Continued from page 237)

all the good tea had been consumed before the young man appeared. "I don't suppose he cares much for tea," said Mrs. Duffer; "they don't nowadays." "It isn't just for the tea that a man is expected to come," said Clara, indignantly. It was now nearly ten, and she could not but feel that the evening was going heavily. Tribbledale had said one tender word to her; but she had snubbed him, expecting Crocker to be there almost at once, and he had retired silent into a corner. George Roden had altogether declined to make himself agreeable—to her; but as he was an engaged man, and engaged to a lady of rank, much could not be expected of him. Mrs. Roden and the Quaker, and Mrs. Demijohn did manage to keep up something of conversation. Roden from time to time said a few words to Marion. Clara, who was repenting herself of her hardness to young Tribbledale, was forced to put up with Mrs. Duffer, when suddenly there came a thundering knock at the door, and Mr. Crocker was announced by the maid who had been duly instructed beforehand as to all peculiarities in the names of the guests.

There was a little stir, as there always is when a solitary guest comes in much after the appointed time. Of course there was rebuke,—suppressed rebuke from Mrs. Demijohn, mild rebuke from Mrs. Duffer, a very outburst of rebuke from Clara. But Crocker was up to the occasion. "Upon my word, ladies, I had no help for it. I was dining with a few friends in the City, and I couldn't get away earlier. If my own ideas of happiness had been consulted I should have been here an hour ago. Ah, Roden, how are you? Though I know you live in the same street I didn't think of meeting you." Roden gave him a nod, but did not vouchsafe him a word. "How's his lordship?" I told you, didn't I, that I had heard from him the other day?" Crocker had mentioned more than once at his office the fact that he had received a letter from Lord Hampstead.

"I don't often see him, and very rarely hear from him," said Roden, without turning away from Marion, to whom he was at the moment speaking.

"If all our young noblemen were like Hampstead," said Crocker, who had told the truth in declaring that he had been dining, "England would be a very different sort of place from what it is. The most affable young lord that ever sat in the House of Peers." Then he turned himself towards Marion Fay, at whose identity he made a guess. He was anxious at once to claim her as a mutual friend, as connected with himself by her connection with the lord in question. But as he could find no immediate excuse for introducing himself, he only winked at her.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Tribbledale, Mr. Crocker?" asked Clara.

"Never had the pleasure as yet," said Crocker. Then the introduction was effected. "In the Civil Service?" asked Crocker. Tribbledale blushed, and of necessity repudiated the honour. "I thought, perhaps, you were in the Customs. You have something of the H.M.S. cut about you." Tribbledale acknowledged the compliment with a bow. "I think the Service is the best thing a man can do with himself," continued Crocker.

"It is genteel," said Mrs. Duffer.

"And the hours so pleasant," said Clara. "Bank clerks have always to be there by nine."

"Is a young man to be afraid of that?" asked the Quaker, indignantly. "Ten till four, with one hour for the newspapers and another for lunch. See the consequence. I never knew a young man yet from a public office who understood the meaning of a day's work."

"I think that is a little hard," said Roden. "If a man really works, six hours continuously is as much as he can do with any good to his employers or himself."

"Well done, Roden," said Crocker. "Stick up for Her Majesty's shop." Roden turned himself more round than before, and continued to address himself to Marion.

"Our employers wouldn't think much of us," said the Quaker, "if we didn't do better for them than that in private offices. I say that the Civil Service destroys a young man, and teaches him to think that the bread of idleness is sweet. As far as I can see, nothing is so destructive of individual energy as what is called public money. If Daniel Tribbledale would bestir himself he might do very well in the world without envying any young man his seat either at the Custom House or the Post Office." Mr. Fay had spoken so seriously that they all declined to carry that subject further. Mrs. Demijohn and Mrs. Duffer murmured their agreement, thinking it civil to do so, as the Quaker was a guest. Tribbledale sat silent in his corner, awestruck at the idea of having given rise to the conversation. Crocker winked at Mrs. Demijohn, and thrust his hands into his pockets as much as to say that he could get the better of the Quaker altogether if he chose to exercise his powers of wit and argument.

Soon after this Mr. Fay rose to take his daughter away. "But," said Clara, with affected indignation, "you are to see the Old Year out and the New Year in."

"I have seen enough of the one," said Mr. Fay, "and shall see enough of the other if I live to be as near its close as I am to its birth."

"But there are refreshments coming up," said Mrs. Demijohn.

"I have refreshed myself sufficiently with thy tea, madam. I rarely take anything stronger before retiring to my rest. Come, Marion, thou requirest to be at no form of welcoming the New Year. Thou, too, wilt be better in thy bed, as thy duties call upon thee to be early." So saying, the Quaker bowed formally to each person present, and took his daughter out with him under his arm. Mrs. Roden and her son escaped almost at the same moment, and Mrs. Demijohn, having waited to take what she called just a thimbleful of hot toddy, went also to her rest.

"Here's a pretty way of seeing the New Year in," said Clara, laughing.

"We are quite enough of us for the purpose," said Crocker, "unless we also are expected to go away." But as he spoke he mixed a tumbler of brandy and water, which he divided among two smaller glasses, handing them to the two ladies present.

"I declare," said Mrs. Duffer, "I never do anything of the kind, —almost never."

"On such an occasion as this everybody does it," said Crocker.

"I hope Mr. Tribbledale will join us," said Clara. Then the bashful clerk came out of his corner, and seating himself at the table prepared to do as he was bid. He made his toddy very weak, not because he disliked brandy, but guided by an innate spirit of modesty which prevented him always from going more than halfway when he was in company.

Then the evening became very pleasant. "You are quite sure that he is really engaged to her ladyship?" asked Clara.

"I wish I were as certainly engaged to you," replied the polite Crocker.

"What nonsense you do talk, Mr. Crocker;—and before other people too. But you think he is?"

"I am sure of it. Both Hampstead and she have told me so much themselves out of their own mouths."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Duffer.

"And here's her brother engaged to Marion Fay," said Clara. Crocker declared that as to this he was by no means so well assured. Lord Hampstead in spite of their intimacy had told him nothing

about it. "But it is so, Mr. Crocker, as sure as ever you are sitting there. He has been coming here after her over and over again, and was closeted with her only last Friday for hours. It was a holiday, but that sly old Quaker went out of the way, so as to leave them together. That Mrs. Roden, though she's as stiff as buckram, knows all about it. To the best of my belief she got it all up. Marion Fay is with her every day. It's my belief there's something we don't understand yet. She's got a hold of them young people, and means to do just what she likes with 'em." Crocker, however, could not agree to this. He had heard of Lord Hampstead's peculiar politics, and was assured that the young lord was only carrying out his peculiar principles in selecting Marion Fay for himself and devoting his sister to George Roden.

"Not that I like that kind of thing, if you ask me," said Crocker. "I'm very fond of Hampstead, and I've always found Lady Frances to be a pleasant and affable lady. I've no cause to speak other than civil of both of them. But when a man has been born a lord, and a lady a lady—A lady of that kind, Miss Demijohn."

"Oh, exactly;—titled you mean, Mr. Crocker."

"Quite high among the nobles, you know. Hampstead will be a Marquis some of these days, which is next to a Duke."

"And do you know him,—yourself?" asked Tribbledale with a voice of awe.

"Oh, yes," said Crocker.

"To speak to him when you see him?"

"I had a long correspondence with him about a week ago about a matter which interested both of us very much."

"And how does he address you?" asked Clara,—also with something of awe.

"Dear Crocker;—just that. I always say 'My dear Lord Hampstead,' in return. I look upon 'Dear Hampstead,' as a little vulgar, you know, and I always think that one ought to be particular in these matters. But, as I was saying, when it comes to marriage, people ought to be true to themselves. Now if I was a Marquis,—I don't know what I mightn't do if I saw you, you know, Clara."

"Clara" pouted, but did not appear to have been offended either by the compliment or by the familiarity. "But under any other circumstances less forcible I would stick to my order."

"So would I," said Mrs. Duffer. "Marquises ought to marry marquises, and dukes dukes."

"There it is!" said Clara, "and now we must drink it's health, and I hope we may be all married to them we like best before it comes round again." This had reference to the little clock on the mantelpiece, the hands of which had just crept round to twelve o'clock.

"I wish we might," said Crocker, "and have a baby in the cradle too."

"Go away," said Clara.

"That would be quick," said Mrs. Duffer. "What do you say, Mr. Tribbledale?"

"Where my heart's fixed," said Tribbledale, who was just becoming warm with the brandy-and-water, "there ain't no hope for this year, nor yet for the one after." Whereupon Crocker remarked that "care killed a cat."

"You just put on your coat and hat, and take me across to my lodgings. See if I don't give you a chance," said Mrs. Duffer, who was also becoming somewhat merry under the influences of the moment. But she knew that it was her duty to do something for her young hostess, and, true woman as she was, thought that this was the best way of doing it. Tribbledale did as he was bid, though he was obliged thus to leave his lady love and her new admirer together. "Do you really mean it?" said Clara, when she and Crocker were alone.

"Of course I do,—honest," said Crocker.

"Then you may," said Clara, turning her face to him.

CHAPTER XXX.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

CROCKER had by no means as yet got through his evening. Having dined with his friends in the City and "drank tea" with the lady of his love, he was disposed to proceed, if not to pleasanter delights, at any rate to those which might be more hilarious. Every Londoner, from Holloway up to Heathcote Street in which he lived, would be seeing the New Year in,—and beyond Heathcote Street, down in Holborn, and from thence all across to the Strand, especially in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden and the theatres, there would be a whole world of happy revellers engaged in the same way. On such a night as this there could certainly be no need of going to bed soon after twelve for such a one as Samuel Crocker. In Paradise Row he again encountered Tribbledale, and suggested to that young man that they should first have a glass of something at the "Duchess" and then proceed to more exalted realms in aansom. "I did think of walking there this fine starlight night," said Tribbledale, mindful of the small stipend at which his services were at present valued by Pogson and Littlebird. But Crocker soon got the better of all this. "I'll stand Sammy for this occasion," said he. "The New Year comes in only once in twelve months." Then Tribbledale went into "The Duchess," and after that was as indifferent, while his money lasted him, as was Crocker himself. "I've loved that girl for three years," said Tribbledale, as soon as they had left "The Duchess" and were again in the open air.

It was a beautiful night, and Crocker thought that they might as well walk a little way. It was pleasant under the bright stars to hear of the love adventures of his new friend, especially as he himself was now the happy hero. "For three years?" he asked.

"Indeed I have, Crocker." That glass of hot whisky-and-water, though it enhanced the melancholy tenderness of the young man, robbed him of his bashfulness, and loosened the strings of his tongue. "For three years! And there was a time when she worshipped the very stool on which I sat at the office. I don't like to boast."

"You have to be short, sharp, and decisive if you mean to get a girl like that to travel with you."

"I should have taken the ball at the hop, Crocker; that's what I ought to have done. But I see it all now. She's as fickle as she is fair;—fickler, perhaps, if anything."

"Come, Tribbledale; I ain't going to let you abuse her, you know."

"I don't want to abuse her. God knows I love her too well in spite of all. It's your turn now. I can see that. There's a great many of them have had their turns."

"Were there now?" asked Crocker anxiously.

"There was Pollocky;—him at the Highbury Gas Works; he came after me. It was because of him she dropt me."

"Was that going on for a marriage?"

"Right ahead, I used to think. Pollocky is a widower with five children."

"Oh Lord!"

"But he's the head of all the gas, and has four hundred a year. It wasn't love as carried her on with him. I could see that. She wouldn't go and meet him anywhere about the City, as she did me. I suppose Pollocky is fifty, if he's a day."

"And she dropt him also?"

"Or else it was he." On receipt of this information Crocker whistled. "It was something about money," continued Tribbledale.

"The old woman wouldn't part."

"There is money I suppose?"

"The old woman has a lot."

"And isn't the niece to have it?" asked Crocker.

"No doubt she will; because there never was a pair more loving.

But the old lady will keep it herself as long as she is here." Then there entered an idea into Crocker's head that if he could manage to make Clara his own, he might have power enough to manage the aunt as well as the niece. They had a little more whisky-and-water at the Angel at Islington before they got into the cab which was to take them down to the Paphian Music Hall, and after that Tribbledale passed from the realm of partial fact to that of perfect poetry. "He would never," he said, "abandon Clara Demijohn, though he should live to an age beyond that of any known patriarch. He quite knew all that there was against him. Crocker he thought might probably prevail. He rather hoped that Crocker might prevail;—for why should not so good a fellow be made happy, seeing how utterly impossible it was that he, Daniel Tribbledale, should ever reach that perfect bliss in dreaming of which he passed his miserable existence. But as to one thing he had quite made up his mind. The day that saw Clara Demijohn a bride would most undoubtedly be the last of his existence."

"Oh, no, damme; you won't," said Crocker turning round upon him in the cab.

"I shall!" said Tribbledale with emphasis. "And I've made up my mind how to do it too. They've caged up the Monument, and you're so looked after on the Duke of York's, that there isn't a chance. But there's nothing to prevent you from taking a header at the Whispering Gallery of Saint Paul's. You'd be more talked of that way, and the vergers would be sure to show the stains made on the stones below. "It was here young Tribbledale fell,—a clerk at Pogson and Littlebird's, who dashed out his brains for love on the very day as Clara Demijohn got herself married. I'm of that disposition, Crocker, as I'd do anything for love,—anything." Crocker was obliged to reply that he trusted he might never be the cause of such a fatal attempt at glory; but he went on to explain that in the pursuit of love a man could not in any degree give way to friendship. Even though numberless lovers might fall from the Whispering Gallery in a confused heap of mangled bodies he must still tread the path which was open to him. These were his principles, and he could not abandon them even for the sake of Tribbledale. "Nor would I have you," shouted Tribbledale, leaning out over the door of the cab. "I would not delay you not for a day, not for an hour. Were to-morrow to be your bridal morning it would find me prepared. My only request to you is that a boy might be called Daniel after me. You might tell her it was an uncle or grandfather. She would never think that in her own child was perpetuated a monument of poor Daniel Tribbledale." Crocker, as he jumped out of the cab with a light step in front of the Paphian Hall, promised that in this particular he would attend to the wishes of his friend.

The performances at the Paphian Hall on that festive occasion need not be described here with accuracy. The New Year had been seen well in with music, dancing, and wine. The seeing of it in was continued yet for an hour till an indulgent policeman was forced to interfere. It is believed that on the final ejection of our two friends, the forlorn lover, kept steady, no doubt, by the weight of his woe, did find his way home to his own lodgings. The exultant Crocker was less fortunate, and passed his night without the accommodation of sheets and blankets somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bow Street. The fact is important to us, as it threatened to have considerable effect upon our friend's position at his office. Having been locked up in a cell during the night, and kept in durance till he was brought on the following morning before a magistrate, he could not well be in his room at ten o'clock. Indeed when he did escape from the hands of the Philistines, at about two in the day, sick, unwashed, and unfed, he thought it better to remain away altogether for that day. The great sin of total absence would be better than making an appearance before Mr. Jerningham in his present tell-tale condition. He well knew his own strength and his own weakness. All power of reprieve would be gone from him for the day. Mr. Jerningham would domineer over him, and Æolus, should the violent god be pleased to send for him, would at once annihilate him. So he sneaked home to Gower Street, took a hair of the dog that bit him, and then got the old woman who looked after him to make him some tea and to fry a bit of bacon for him. In this ignominious way he passed New Year's Day,—at least so much of it as was left to him after the occurrences which have been described.

But on the next morning the great weight of his troubles fell upon him heavily. In his very heart of hearts he was afraid of Æolus. In spite of his "brummagem" courage the wrath of the violent god was tremendous to him. He knew what it was to stand with his hand on the lock of the door and tremble before he dared to enter the room. There was something in the frown of the god which was terrible to him. There was something worse in the god's smile. He remembered how he had once been unable to move himself out of the room when the god had told him that he need not remain at the office, but might go home and amuse himself just as he pleased. Nothing crushes a young man so much as an assurance that his presence can be dispensed with without loss to any one. Though Crocker had often felt the mercies of Æolus, and had told himself again and again that the god never did in truth lift up his hand for final irrevocable punishment, still he trembled as he anticipated the dread encounter.

When the morning came, and while he was yet in his bed, he struggled to bethink himself of some strategy by which he might evade the evil hour. Could he have been sent for suddenly into Cumberland? But in this case he would of course have telegraphed to the Post Office on the preceding day. Could he have been taken ill with a fit,—so as to make his absence absolutely necessary, say for an entire week? He well knew that they had a doctor at the Post Office, a crafty, far-seeing, obdurate man, who would be with him at once and would show him no mercy. He had tried these schemes all round, and had found that they were none left with which Æolus was not better acquainted than was he himself. There was nothing for it but to go and bear the brunt.

Exactly at ten o'clock he entered the room, hung his hat up on the accustomed peg, and took his seat on the accustomed chair before any one spoke a word to him. Roden on the opposite chair took no notice of him. "Bedad, he's here anyhow this morning," whispered Geraghty to Bobbin, very audibly. "Mr. Crocker," said Mr. Jerningham, "you were absent throughout the entire day yesterday. Have you any account to give of yourself?" There was certainly falsehood implied in this question, as Mr. Jerningham knew very well what had become of Crocker. Crocker's misadventure at the police office had found its way into the newspapers, and had been discussed by Æolus with Mr. Jerningham. I am afraid that Mr. Jerningham must have intended to tempt the culprit into some false excuse.

"I was horribly ill," said Crocker, without stopping the pen with which he was making entries in the big book before him. This no doubt was true, and so far the trap had been avoided.

"What made you ill, Mr. Crocker?"

"Headache."

"It seems to me, Mr. Crocker, you're more subject to such attacks as these than any young man in the office."

"I was always as a baby," said Crocker, resuming something of his courage. Could it be possible that Æolus should not have heard of the day's absence?

"There is ill-health of so aggravated a nature," said Mr. Jerningham, "as to make the sufferer altogether unfit for the Civil Service."

"I'm happy to say I'm growing out of them gradually," said Crocker. Then Geraghty got up from his chair and whispered the whole truth into the sufferer's ears. "It was all in the *Pall Mall* yesterday, and Æolus knew it before he went away." A sick qualm came upon the poor fellow as though it were a repetition

of yesterday's sufferings. But still it was necessary that he should say something. "New Year's day comes only once a year, I suppose."

"It was only a few weeks since that you remained a day behind your time when you were on leave. But Sir Boreas has taken the matter up, and I have nothing to say to it. No doubt Sir Boreas will send for you." Sir Boreas Bodkin was that great Civil servant who in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-le-Grand men were wont to call Æolus.

It was a wretched morning for poor Crocker. He was not sent for till one o'clock, just at the moment when he was going to eat his lunch! That horrid sickness, the combined result of the dinner in the City, of Mrs. Demijohn's brandy, and of the many whiskies which had followed, still clung to him. The mutton chop and porter which he had promised himself would have relieved him, but now he was obliged to appear before the god in all his weakness. Without a word he followed a messenger who had summoned him, with his tail only too visibly between his legs. Æolus was writing a note when he was ushered into the room, and did not condescend to arrest himself in the progress merely because Crocker was present. Æolus well knew the effect on a sinner of having to stand silent and all alone in the presence of the offended deity.

"So, Mr. Crocker," said Æolus at last, looking up from his completed work; "no doubt you saw the Old Year out on Wednesday night." The jokes of the god were infinitely worse to bear than his most furious blasts. "Like some other great men," continued Æolus, "you have contrived to have your festivities chronicled in the newspapers." Crocker found it impossible to utter a word. "You have probably seen the *Pall Mall* of yesterday, and the *Standard* of this morning?"

"I haven't looked at the newspaper, sir, since——"

"Since the festive occasion," suggested Æolus.

"Oh, Sir Boreas——"

"Well, Mr. Crocker; what is it that you have to say for yourself?"

"I did dine with a few friends."

"And kept it up tolerably late, I should think."

"And then afterwards went to a tea-party," said Crocker.

"A tea-party!"

"It was not all tea," said Crocker, with a whine.

"I should think not. There was a good deal besides tea, I should say." Then the god left off to smile, and the blasts began to blow. "Now, Mr. Crocker, I should like to know what you think of yourself. After having read the accounts of your appearance before the magistrate in two newspapers, I suppose I may take it for granted that you were abominably drunk out in the streets on Wednesday night." It is very hard for a young man to have to admit under any circumstances that he has been abominably drunk out in the streets;—so that Crocker stood dumb before his accuser. "I choose to have an answer, sir. I must either have your own acknowledgment, or must have an official account from the police magistrate."

"I had taken something, sir."

"Were you drunk? If you will not answer me you had better go, and I shall know how to deal with you." Crocker thought that he had perhaps better go and leave the god to deal with him. He remained quite silent. "Your personal habits would be nothing to me, sir," continued Æolus, "if you were able to do your work and did not bring disgrace on the department. But you neglect the office. You are unable to do your work. And you do bring disgrace on the department. How long is it since you remained away a day before?"

"I was detained down in Cumberland for one day, after my leave of absence."

"Detained in Cumberland! I never tell a gentleman, Mr. Crocker, that I do not believe him,——never. If it comes to that with a gentleman, he must go." This was hard to bear; but yet Crocker was aware that he had told a fib on that occasion in reference to the day's hunting. Then Sir Boreas took up his pen and again had recourse to his paper, as though the interview was over. Crocker remained standing, not quite knowing what he was expected to do. "It's of no use your remaining there," said Sir Boreas. Whereupon Crocker retired, and, with his tail still between his legs, returned to his own desk. Soon afterwards Mr. Jerminham was sent for, and came back with an intimation that Mr. Crocker's services were no longer required, at any rate for that day. When the matter had been properly represented to the Postmaster-General, a letter would be written to him. The impression made on the minds of Bobbin and Geraghty was that poor Crocker would certainly be dismissed on this occasion. Roden, too, thought that it was now over with the unfortunate young man, as far as the Queen's service was concerned, and could not abstain from shaking hands with the unhappy wretch as he bade them all a melancholy good bye. "Good afternoon," said Mr. Jerminham to him severely, not condescending to shake hands with him at all.

But Mr. Jerminham heard the last words which the god had spoken on the subject, and was not therefore called upon to be specially soft-hearted. "I never saw a poor devil look so sick in my life," Æolus had said.

"He must have been very bad, Sir Boreas."

Æolus was fond of a good dinner himself, and had a sympathy for convivial offences. Indeed for all offences he had a sympathy. No man less prone to punish ever lived. But what is a man to do with inveterate offenders? Æolus would tear his hair sometimes in dismay because he knew that he was retaining in the service men whom he would have been bound to get rid of had he done his duty. "You had better tell him to go home," said Æolus,—"for to-day, you know."

"And what then, Sir Boreas?"

"I suppose he'll sleep it off by to-morrow. Have a letter written to him,—to frighten him, you know. After all, New Year's Day only does come once a year." Mr. Jerminham, having thus received instructions, went back to his room and dismissed Crocker in the way we have seen. As soon as Crocker's back was turned Roden was desired to write the letter.

"SIR,

"Your conduct in absenting yourself without leave from the office yesterday is of such a nature as to make it necessary for me to inform you that should it be repeated I shall have no alternative but to bring your name under the serious consideration of my Lord the Postmaster-General.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

(Signed) "BOREAS BODKIN."

In the same envelope was a short note from one of his brother clerks.

"DEAR CROCKER,

"You had better be here sharp at ten to-morrow, Mr. Jerminham bids me tell you.

"Yours truly,

"BART. BOBBIN."

Thus Crocker got through his troubles on this occasion.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MISS DEMIJOHN'S INGENUITY.

On the day on which Crocker was going through his purgatory at the Post Office, a letter reached Lady Kingsbury at Trafford Park, which added much to the troubles and annoyances felt by different members of the family there. It was an anonymous letter, and the

reader,—who in regard to such mysteries should never be kept a moment in ignorance,—may as well be told at once that the letter was written by that enterprising young lady, Miss Demijohn. The letter was written on New Year's Day, after the party,—perhaps in consequence of the party, as the rash doings of some of the younger members of the Trafford family were made specially obvious to Miss Demijohn by what was said on that occasion. The letter ran as follows;

"MY LADY MARCHIONESS—

"I conceive it to be my duty as a well-wisher of the family to inform you that your stepson, Lord Hampstead, has become entangled in what I think to be a dangerous way with a young woman living in a neighbouring street to this." The "neighbouring" street was of course a stroke of cunning on the part of Miss Demijohn. "She lives at No. 17, Paradise Row, Holloway, and her name is Marion Fay. She is daughter to an old Quaker, who is clerk to Pogson and Littlebird, King's Court, Great Broad Street, and isn't of course in any position to entertain such hopes as these. He may have a little money saved, but what's that to the likes of your ladyship, and his lordship the Marquis? Some think she is pretty. I don't. Now I don't like such cunning ways. Of what I tell your ladyship there isn't any manner of doubt. His lordship was there for hours the other day, and the girl is going about as proud as a peacock.

"It's what I call a regular Paradise Row conspiracy, and though the Quaker has lent himself to it, he ain't at the bottom. Next door but two to the Fays there is a Mrs. Roden living, who has got a son, a stuck-up fellow and a clerk in the Post Office. I believe there isn't a bit of doubt but he has been and got himself engaged to another of your ladyship's noble family. As to that all Holloway is talking of it. I don't believe there is a 'bus driver up and down the road as doesn't know it. It's my belief that Mrs. Roden is the doing of it all! She has taken Marion Fay by the hand just as though she were her own, and now she has got the young lord and the young lady right into her meshes. If none of 'em isn't married yet it won't be long so unless somebody interferes. If you don't believe me do you send to the 'Duchess of Edinburgh' at the corner, and you'll find that they know all about it.

"Now, my Lady Marchioness, I've thought if my duty to tell you all this because I don't like to see a noble family put upon. There isn't nothing for me to get out of it myself. But I do it just as one of the family's well-wishers. Therefore I sign myself your very respectful,

"A WELL-WISHER."

The young lady had told her story very completely as far as her object was concerned, which was simply that of making mischief. But the business of anonymous letter-writing was one not new to her hand. It is easy, and offers considerable excitement to the minds of those whose time hangs heavy on their hands.

The Marchioness, though she would probably have declared beforehand that anonymous letters were of all things the most contemptible, nevertheless read this more than once with a great deal of care. And she believed it altogether. As to Lady Frances, of course she knew the allegations to be true. Seeing that the writer was so well acquainted with the facts as to Lady Frances, why should she be less well informed in reference to Lord Hampstead? Such a marriage as this with the Quaker girl was exactly the sort of match which Hampstead would be pleased to make. Then she was especially annoyed by the publicity of the whole affair. That Holloway and the drivers of the omnibuses, and the "Duchess of Edinburgh" should know all the secrets of her husband's family,—should be able to discuss the disgrace to which "her own darlings" would be subjected, was terrible to her. But perhaps the sting that went sharpest to her heart was that which came from the fact that Lord Hampstead was about to be married at all. Let the wife be a Quaker or what not, let her be as low as any woman that could be found within the sound of Bow Bells, still, if the marriage ceremony were once pronounced over them, that woman's son would become Lord Highgate, and would be heir to all the wealth and all the titles of the Marquis of Kingsbury,—to the absolute exclusion of the eldest-born of her own darlings.

She had had her hopes in the impracticability of Lord Hampstead. Such men as that, she had told herself, were likely to keep themselves altogether free of marriage. He would not improbably, she thought, entertain some abominable but not unlucky idea that marriage in itself was an absurdity. At any rate, there was hope as long as he could be kept unmarried. Were he to marry and then have a son, even though he broke his neck out hunting next day, no good would come of it. In this condition of mind she thought it well to show the letter to Mr. Greenwood before she read it to her husband. Lord Kingsbury was still very ill,—so ill as to have given rise to much apprehension; but still it would be necessary to discuss this letter with him, ill as he might be. Only it should be first discussed with Mr. Greenwood.

Mr. Greenwood's face became flatter, and his jaw longer, and his eyes more like gooseberries as he read the letter. He had gradually trained himself to say and to hear all manner of evil things about Lady Frances in the presence of the Marchioness. He had too accustomed himself to speak of Lord Hampstead as a great obstacle which it would be well if the Lord would think proper to take out of the way. He had also so far followed the lead of his patroness as to be deep if not loud in his denunciations of the folly of the Marquis. The Marquis had sent him word that he had better look out for a new home, and without naming an especial day for his dismissal, had given him to understand that it would not be convenient to receive him again in the house in Park Lane. But the Marquis had been ill when he had thus expressed his displeasure,—and was now worse. It might be that the Marquis himself would never again visit Park Lane. As no positive limit had been fixed for Mr. Greenwood's departure from Trafford Park, there he remained,—and there he intended to remain for the present. As he folded up the letter carefully after reading it slowly, he only shook his head.

"Is it true, I wonder?" asked the Marchioness.

"There is no reason why it should not be."

"That's just what I say to myself. We know it is true about Fanny. Of course there's that Mr. Roden, and the Mrs. Roden. When the writer knows so much, there is reason to believe the rest."

"A great many people do tell a great many lies," said Mr. Greenwood.

"I suppose there is such a person as this Quaker,—and that there is such a girl?"

"Quite likely."

"If so why shouldn't Hampstead fall in love with her? Of course he's always going to the street because of his friend Roden."

"Not a doubt, Lady Kingsbury."

"What ought we to do?" To this question Mr. Greenwood was not prepared with an immediate answer. If Lord Hampstead chose to get himself married to a Quaker's daughter, how could it be helped? "His father would hardly have any influence over him now." Mr. Greenwood shook his head. "And yet he must be told." Mr. Greenwood nodded his head. "Perhaps something might be done about the property."

"He wouldn't care two straws about settlements," said Mr. Greenwood.

"He doesn't care about anything he ought to. If I were to write and ask him, would he tell the truth about this marriage?"

"He wouldn't tell the truth about anything," said Mr. Greenwood.

The Marchioness passed this by, though she knew it at the moment to be calumny. But she was not unwilling to hear calumny against Lord Hampstead. "There used to be ways," she said, "in which a marriage of that kind could be put on one side afterwards."

"You must put it on one side before nowadays if you mean to do it at all," said the clergyman.

"But how?—how?"

"If he could be got out of the way."

"How out of the way?"

"Well;—that's what I don't know. Suppose he could be made to go out yachting, and she be married to somebody else when he's at sea!" Lady Kingsbury felt that her friend was but little good at a stratagem. But she felt also that she was not very good herself. She could wish; but wishing in such matters is very vain. She had right on her side. She was quite confident as to that. There could be no doubt but that "gods and men" would desire to see her little Lord Frederic succeed to the Marquisate rather than this infidel Republican. If this wretched Radical could be kept from marrying there would evidently be room for hope because there was the fact,—proved by the incontestable evidence of Burke's Peerage,—that younger sons did so often succeed. But if another heir were to be born, then, as far as she was aware, Burke's Peerage promised her nothing. "It's a pity he shouldn't break his neck out hunting," said Mr. Greenwood.

"Even that wouldn't be much if he were to be married first," said the Marchioness.

Every day she went to her husband for half-an-hour before her lunch, at which time the nurse who attended him during the day was accustomed to go to her dinner. He had had a physician down from London since his son had visited him, and the physician had told the Marchioness that though there was not apparently any immediate danger, still the symptoms were such as almost to preclude a hope of ultimate recovery. When this opinion had been pronounced there had arisen between the Marchioness and the chaplain a discussion as to whether Lord Hampstead should be once again summoned. The Marquis himself had expressed no such wish. A bulletin of a certain fashion had been sent three or four times a week to Hendon Hall purporting to express the doctor's opinion of the health of their noble patient; but the bulletin had not been scrupulously true. Neither of the two conspirators had wished to have Lord Hampstead at Trafford Park. Lady Kingsbury was anxious to make the separation complete between her own darlings and their brother, and Mr. Greenwood remembered, down to every tittle of a word and tone, the insolence of the rebuke which he had received from the heir. But if Lord Kingsbury were really to be dying then they would hardly dare to keep his son in ignorance.

"I've got something I'd better show you," she said, as she seated herself by her husband's sofa. Then she proceeded to read to him the letter, without telling him as she did so that it was anonymous. When he had heard the first paragraph he demanded to know the name of the writer. "I'd better read it all first," said the Marchioness. And she did read it all to the end, closing it, however, without mentioning the final "Well-Wisher." "Of course it's anonymous," she said, as she held the letter in her hand.

"Then I don't believe a word of it," said the Marquis.

"Very likely not; but yet it sounds true."

"I don't think it sounds true at all. Why should it be true? There is nothing so wicked as anonymous letters."

"If it isn't true about Hampstead it's true at any rate of Fanny. That man comes from Holloway, and Paradise Row and the 'Duchess of Edinburgh.' Where Fanny goes for her lover, Hampstead is likely to follow. 'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"I won't have you speak of my children in that way," said the sick lord.

"What can I do? Is it not true about Fanny? If you wish it, I will write to Hampstead and ask him all about it." In order to escape from the misery of the moment he assented to this proposition. The letter being anonymous had to his thinking been disgraceful, and therefore he had disbelieved it. And having induced himself to disbelieve the statements made, he had been drawn into expressing,—or at any rate to acknowledging by his silence,—a conviction that such a marriage as that proposed with Marion Fay would be very base. Her ladyship felt therefore that if Lord Hampstead could be got to acknowledge the engagement, something would have been done towards establishing a quarrel between the father and the son.

"Has that man gone yet?" he asked as his wife rose to leave the room.

"Has what man gone?"

"Mr. Greenwood."

"Gone? How should he have gone? It has never been expected that he should go by this time. I don't see why he should go at all. He was told that you would not again require his services up in London. As far as I know, that is all that has been said about going." The poor man turned himself on his sofa angrily, but did not at the moment give any further instructions as to the chaplain's departure.

"He wants to know why you have not gone," Lady Kingsbury said to the clergyman that afternoon.

"Where am I to go to?" whined the unfortunate one. "Does he mean to say that I am to be turned out into the road at a moment's notice because I can't approve of what Lady Frances is doing? I haven't had any orders as to going. If I am to go I suppose he will make some arrangement first." Lady Kingsbury said what she could to comfort him, and explained that there was no necessity for his immediate departure. Perhaps the Marquis might not think of it again for another week or two; and there was no knowing in what condition they might find themselves.

Her ladyship's letter to her stepson was as follows; and by return of post her stepson's answer came;—

"MY DEAR HAMPSTEAD,—

"Tidings have reached your father that you have engaged yourself to marry a girl, the daughter of a Quaker named Fay, living at No. 17, Paradise Row. He, the Quaker, is represented as being a clerk in a counting-house in the City. Of the girl your father has heard nothing, but can only imagine that she should be such as her position would make probable. He desires me to ask you whether there is any truth in the statement. You will observe that I express no opinion myself whether it be true or false, whether proper or improper. After your conduct the other day I should not think of interfering myself; but your father wishes me to ask for his information.

"Yours truly,

"CLARA KINGSBURY."

Hampstead's answer was very short, but quite sufficient for the purpose;—

"MY DEAR LADY KINGSBURY,

"I am not engaged to marry Miss Fay,—as yet. I think that I may be some day soon.

"Yours affectionately,

"HAMPSTEAD."

By the same post he wrote a letter to his father, and that shall also be shown to the reader.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

"I have received a letter from Lady Kingsbury, asking me as to a report of an engagement between me and a young lady named Marion Fay. I am sorry that her writing should be evidence that you are hardly yet strong enough to write yourself. I trust that it may not long be so.



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH—INTERIOR OF THE NAVE



THE TOWN HALL



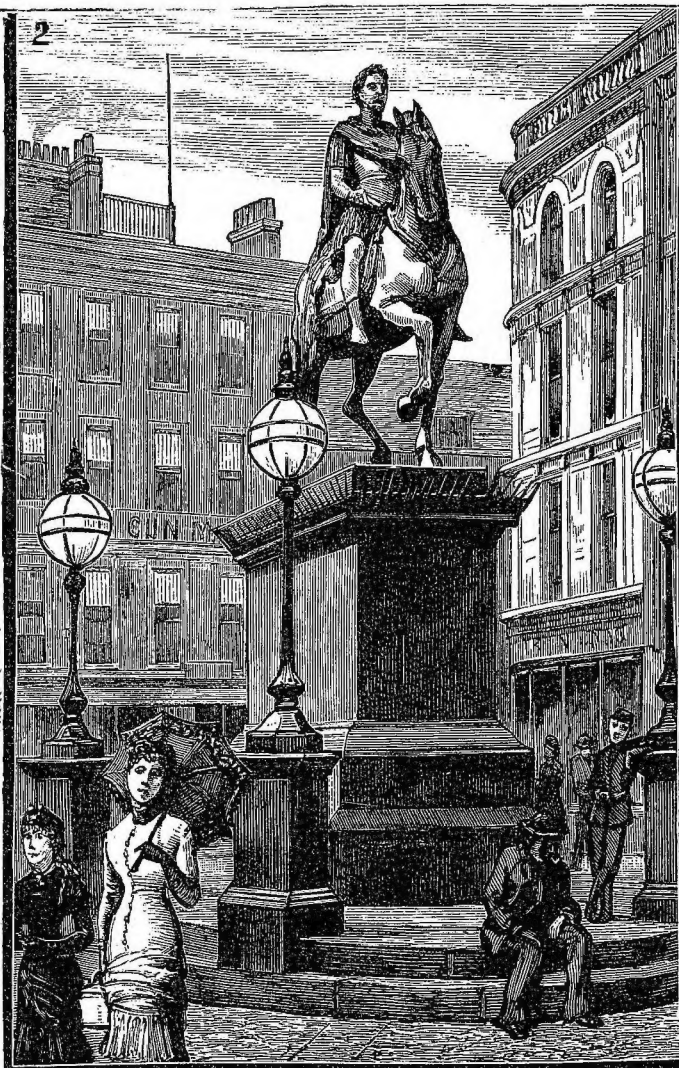
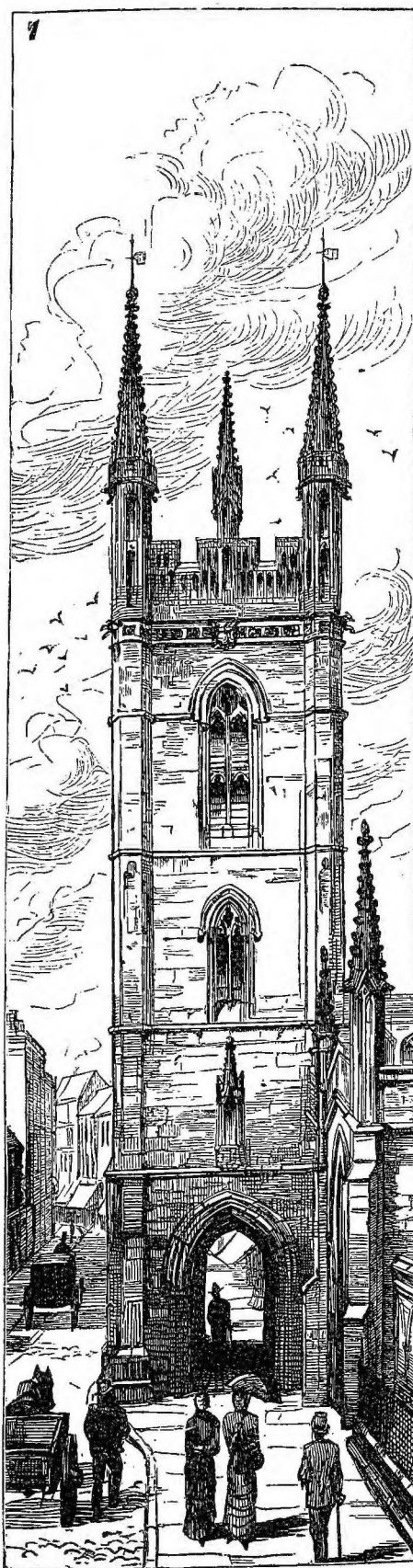
HOLY TRINITY CHURCH



RUSSIAN GUN ON THE PIER



OFFICES OF THE HULL BANKING COMPANY



1. St. Mary's Church.—2. Statue of King William the Third in the Market Place.—3. Old House, Dagger Lane.—4. The Market by the Church's.

"Would you wish to see me again at Trafford? I do not like to go there without the expression of a wish from you; but I hold myself in readiness to start whenever you may desire it. I had hoped from the last accounts that you were becoming stronger."

"I do not know how you may have heard anything of Marion Fay. Had I engaged myself to her, or to any other young lady, I should have told you at once. I do not know whether a young man is supposed to declare his own failures in such matters, when he has failed,—even to his father. But, as I am ashamed of nothing in the matter, I will avow that I have asked the young lady to be my wife, but she has as yet declined. I shall ask her again, and still hope to succeed."

"She is the daughter of a Mr. Fay who, as Lady Kingsbury says, is a Quaker, and is a clerk in a house in the City. As he is in all respects a good man, standing high for probity and honour among those who know him, I cannot think that there is any drawback. She, I think, has all the qualities which I would wish to find in the woman whom I might hope to make my wife. They live at No. 17, Paradise Row, Holloway. Lady Kingsbury, indeed, is right in all her details."

"Pray let me have a line, if not from yourself, at any rate dictated by you, to say how you are."

"Your affectionate son,
"HAMPSTEAD."

It was impossible to keep the letter from Lady Kingsbury. It thus became a recognised fact by the Marquis, by the Marchioness, and by Mr. Greenwood, that Hampstead was going to marry the Quaker's daughter. As to that pretence of a refusal, it went for nothing, even with the father. Was it probable that a Quaker's daughter, the daughter of a merchant's clerk out of the City, should refuse to become a Marchioness? The sick man was obliged to express anger, having been already made to treat the report as incredible because of the disgrace which would accompany it, if true. Had he been left to himself he would have endeavoured to think as little about it as possible. Not to quarrel with his two eldest children was the wish that was now strongest at his heart. But his wife recalled the matter to him at each of the two daily visits which she made. "What can I do?" he was driven to ask on the third morning.

"Mr. Greenwood suggests—," began his wife, not intending to irritate him, having really forgotten at the moment that no suggestion coming from Mr. Greenwood could be welcome to him.

"D— Mr. Greenwood," he shouted, lifting himself up erect from the pillows on his sofa. The Marchioness was in truth so startled by the violence of his movement, and by the rage expressed on his haggard face, that she jumped from her chair with unexpected surprise. "I desire," said the Marquis, "that that man shall leave the house by the end of this month."

(To be continued.)



MRS. RIDDELL does not seem likely to exhaust the interest of the City of London. She has the art of finding romance in price lists, and both comedy and tragedy in the multiplication table. In "The Senior Partner" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) she has taken for her hero a harsh-grained and close-fisted Scotch tradesman, who has made himself, and has also made for himself a solitude of conceit and misery. His only virtues are an intolerant prejudice in favour of honesty, and one soft spot in his heart which requires three entire volumes for discovery. Round this unattractive and even repulsive centre are grouped a circle of sons and other relations who, with the exception of the weak and helpless first-born, are more odious than "plain auld Rab" himself, and a herd of usurers and commercial sharks who do their best to devour him and one another, till most of them are swallowed up by the greatest shark of all—a merchant prince, who mastered the whole art of Limited Liability before its resources became generally known. Of love-making, or of any of the ordinary elements of fiction, there is scarcely a word, and the amiable heroine is, until the last few chapters, noticeable only as a sort of admission on Mrs. Riddell's part that it is just possible to touch pitch without being defiled. Obviously, the novel does not bid very highly for the liking of the general reader of fiction. Its pathos, though very real, is drawn from such deep springs as the dumb and therefore desperate wretchedness of mean and narrow natures that make their own miseries without knowing how or why. To have brought this out clearly demands a breadth of view and a strength of hand very seldom found, and very much beyond any point to which Mrs. Riddell has heretofore attained. For once, the words "painful and unpleasant" must be used as terms of praise. To predict popularity for a story which contains scarcely a touch of tenderness until the extreme close is out of the question, but the character of "plain auld Rab" is one that would certainly have left its mark upon fiction when novels were less common, and, even as things are, will not easily be forgotten by any who once makes acquaintance with Mrs. Riddell's singularly-chosen hero.

Mr. Richard Dowling must not write novels like "The Duke's Sweetheart" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.) unless he desires to lose more than he can afford of the high reputation that he has been steadily gaining. He must not expect his readers to sympathise with the heartless imbecility of a young lady who ran away from home, and did her best to break the heart and ruin the life of the man she passionately loved, because, for no fault of his own, he succeeded to a dukedom and an income of a thousand pounds a day. Of course it is possible to dislike the idea of being a duchess, but she might at least have considered the feelings of others as well as her own before indulging her selfish caprices. That is Mr. Dowling's story, which ends in the death of the ill-used duke from injuries received while saving his sweetheart from a fire. This fire, and a previous shipwreck in which also the duke acts the part of hero, are in Mr. Dowling's vein, and are well described. But two short incidents do not make a novel, and the remainder has all the effect of an exceptionally desperate attempt at book-making. If the author wishes us to understand how a woman may, without forfeiting the respect due to sanity, carry shyness of rank to such a pitch as to prefer misery for her friends, starvation for herself, and despair for the man she loves, to making not only herself but others happy, he has simply failed: and not only has he failed, but has left the impression that failure was a consciously foregone conclusion. Not only are violent scenes and violent passions Mr. Dowling's forte, but he appears—and we do not base our judgment upon "The Duke's Sweetheart" alone—absolutely incapable of dealing with subjects which do not lend themselves to his extraordinary power of dealing with the wild and the terrible. Both the topic and the treatment of the present work are simply puerile in every respect, and must be held unworthy of a far weaker pen than that which wrote "The Mystery of Killard." It is not even fairly interesting—a fault which, in Mr. Dowling's case, is strange indeed: and it is execrably constructed, which is stranger still.

Those who remember Mr. Greville J. Chester's "Julian Cloughton" will turn with interest to his "Aurelia, or the Close at Mixeter: Sketches in a Cathedral City" (1 vol.: Marcus Ward and Co.). Such grave and dignified humour as colours the life of a typical cathedral, if treated with knowledge and with sympathy—

above all with sympathy—is tolerably certain to be attractive, and Mr. Chester's sketches are in these respects nearly all that can be desired. His imaginary Mixeter is admirably real, and is certain to be identified with more cities than one, while his Bishops, Dean, and Canons are life-like, that is to say something more than merely representative. Unhappily, the work is disfigured with the detestable fault common to ecclesiastical tales in general—the author washes one Church party as white, and the other as black, as he can. We will not say to which side his bias falls, since that knowledge might create some slight prejudice against a book so well worth reading on all legitimate grounds. "Aurelia" is written with bad temper, but with good humour—qualities which in literature, at least, do not imply a contradiction.

"Without a Home," by E. P. Roe (2 vols.: Ward, Lock, and Co.), is an American story written against the practices of injecting morphia and of compelling shop-girls to stand while on duty. As a novel with a purpose it is not strong enough, as a piece of literature not good enough, to make it an exception to the general rule that American fiction of the serious sort is not worth importing. Readers who are old enough to remember books like "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide, World," and can imagine them deprived of their innocence and grown prudishly knowing, will have a very good idea of the general nature of "Without a Home."

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE present Water-Colour Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, like those of recent years, is mainly composed of drawings of young artists whose names are not familiar to the public. If none of them displays striking originality, in a very considerable number evidence of careful study and artistic instinct may be found. There are also a few pictures by painters of established reputation. Conspicuous among these by its breadth and simplicity of style, as well as its large size, is Mr. Joseph Knight's "Lingering Light." This is a picture of mountain and moorland with a stagnant pool in the foreground, all save the highest peaks, which receive the last rays of the setting sun, being enveloped in gloom. The picture is remarkable for truth of detail and excellent keeping, as well as for the sense of gloomy desolation which it conveys. Two smaller but scarcely less estimable examples of the painter's art are to be seen in "A Breezy Day" and "The Cotter's Field." The varying undulations of the receding ground in the last-named work are defined with subtle skill. Mr. H. Moore also sends a masterly drawing of snow-clad mountains, "Glen Dochart—Late Autumn," and a small study, "Evening after Rain—Coast of France," in which the appearance of movement in the sea and sky is rendered with the vivid force of reality.

As an example of minute and accurate landscape draughtsmanship there is nothing in the collection that will bear comparison with Mr. John Ruskin's small study, "In the Pass of Killiecrankie." Both in subject and in treatment it greatly resembles the drawing that he exhibited here last year. With an amount of fidelity that has not often been surpassed, Mr. Ruskin has rendered every detail of the wild and luxuriant vegetation, as well as every complexity of form and variety of tint in the mass of rock. Notwithstanding the elaborate care and completeness with which the minor facts of Nature are delineated, the picture is in perfect keeping, every part bearing its just relations to the rest.

A large drawing by Mr. J. C. Dollman, called "Les Misérables," shows a peasant in a smock frock, and his faithful bull-dog under peculiarly depressing circumstances. Besides being true types of character and humorously expressive, they are both admirably drawn and painted. The workmanship, indeed, throughout the picture is excellent; it wants only a little more fullness, of tone to be entirely satisfactory. The effect of bright daylight is forcibly rendered in Mr. John White's large drawing, "An Invitation to Dinner," but the figure of the girl who is feeding a duck is by no means faultless in design. Still more open to criticism on this score are the face and figure of the boy with a looking-glass in "Reflections," by the same artist; the execution throughout the picture, moreover, is of the loosest kind. A bright and pleasant picture of English country life in the last century, by Mr. J. Charlton, called "He is Coming," in which a girl standing at a garden-gate is seen waiting the arrival of her lover, displays ability in many ways, but there is more striking vitality and truth of character in the horse and the dogs than in the human figures. In Mr. J. Hayllar's "The Highest Bidder" the truthful characterisation and humorous expression of the old farmer, who is curiously contemplating a terrestrial globe in a sale room, go far to redeem its poverty of colour and unpleasant manner of execution. Several studies, painted apparently directly from nature, by Mr. A. B. Donaldson, of which the view of the picturesque "Old Bridge at Lincoln" is the best, are noteworthy for their richness and truth of local colour and unconventional mode of treatment. Mr. R. W. Allan's "Seville Market" and "Fish Stall in Venice" are full of local character, rich in tone, and very cleverly painted in a style that seems to have been derived from the example of the modern Dutch watercolour painters. The same influence may be discerned in Mr. Arthur G. Bell's fresh and luminous "Unloading the Fish Boat," and in several other drawings. Among many small landscape studies displaying decided artistic ability by painters whose names we have not before met with, are "Cromer," by Mr. C. R. Aston; "The White Sands of Iona," by Mr. J. O. Long; a sketch of "Limehouse," by Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth; "Evening, near Greenwich," by Max Ludley; and "Ebb Tide," by Mr. W. W. Ball.



II.

In the *Fortnightly* "Some Irish Realities" give the secret history of the Fenian Brotherhood for the ten years during which James Stephens was its guiding spirit. Like the new Land League, Fenianism derived its strength from the Irish Americans. Discountenanced by the Church and based on sentimental rather than material grievances, the I.R.B. was at no time really dominant in Ireland itself. Its greatest achievement was to initiate the federation of the Irish race "in every land where a few Irishmen can gather together." And this, which was its earliest triumph, is also the one result which has survived its fall.—Mr. Melvin writes on the agricultural condition of "Italy As It Is"—the system of crops, the varieties of land tenure, the breeds of horses, sheep, and cattle—with a practical knowledge which should commend his remarks to the attention of Italian landowners; and Mr. Baden Powell has a striking paper on "The Results of Protection in Young Communities," as illustrated by the records of ten years progress in two Colonies which at that time started fair—Protectionist Victoria and Free Trade New South Wales. In growth of wealth, of wages, and of population the colony with the lower tariff has had decidedly the advantage. Both, it must be remembered, import enormously; their exports consisting almost wholly of "raw materials."

In the *North American* Senator Edmunds defends "The Conduct of the Giteau Trial" against "the censures of the foreign Press" on the ground that the chief disturbance came from the prisoner himself, who could not well be silenced or removed; and Judge

Thomas, on the other hand, draws from it an argument for substituting trial by judge for "Trial by Jury."—"Law for the Indian" is a strong, and even pathetic, statement of the injustice which results from refusing to the Red Man, however grossly wronged, a legal status in the Common Law Courts.

Belgravia and the *Gentleman's* are both most readable. Miss Kennedy, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—the new serial of Messrs. Besant and Rice—bids fair to be as entertaining as the young squire in the same author's "Monks of Thelama," and Bret Harte shows no falling off of power in a fresh Californian story, "Found at Blazing Star." From the *Gentleman's* we have only room to quote Phil Robinson's pleasant paper on "The Poet's Birds" and Mr. Lucy's graver "Bargain with the Queen." Having regard to the very liberal arrangements made when the Civil List was settled in 1837, and the further power "to accumulate property" conferred upon the Crown by the "Crown Private Estates Bill" of 1873. Mr. Lucy, like Mr. Peter Taylor, can see no cause for special Parliamentary provision when any member of the Royal Family either marries or is given in marriage.

To the *Antiquary* Mr. Ferguson, M.P., contributes some curious "Notes on Names of Women." Unlearned readers may be surprised to hear that "Maud" and "Alice" were originally names of men, and that "Eliza" is possibly the feminine of the latter; that "Isabel" is all one with "Elizabeth," and that "Janet" has nothing probably to do with "Jane."—The "Bibliographer" woos the gentler sex with a paper on "Lace-Pattern Books of the Sixteenth Century"—notably the Venetian pattern-book of Giovan Antonio Tagliente, and the "Livre Nouveau" now in the South Kensington Art Library; and the "Antiquarian" has a useful article, "The Bibliography of Essex."

In the *Art Journal* a clever anecdotal paper by G. Leslie, R.A., concludes by warning us not to expect too much from the general diffusion of artistic teaching—"there is such a thing as degeneration of true Art by a too widespread increase of amateurism;" and Mr. Hole contributes a striking etching of a group of prisoners, mostly old men and boys, under the charge of a few soldiers, at the "end of the Rebellion of 1745."—In *Cassell's Magazine of Art* is an account of Townshend House, the luxurious "Artist Home" of Mr. Alma Tadema, and a memoir of Joseph Flüggen, plentiful in anecdotes of the Munich School when Piloy was in his prime and Makart was, and Munkacsy sought to be, his pupil.—In the *Theatre* is yet another sketch of "Henry Irving," and in the *Churchman* a paper not without interest by Mr. Gritton on the increase of "Sunday Work on Railways."



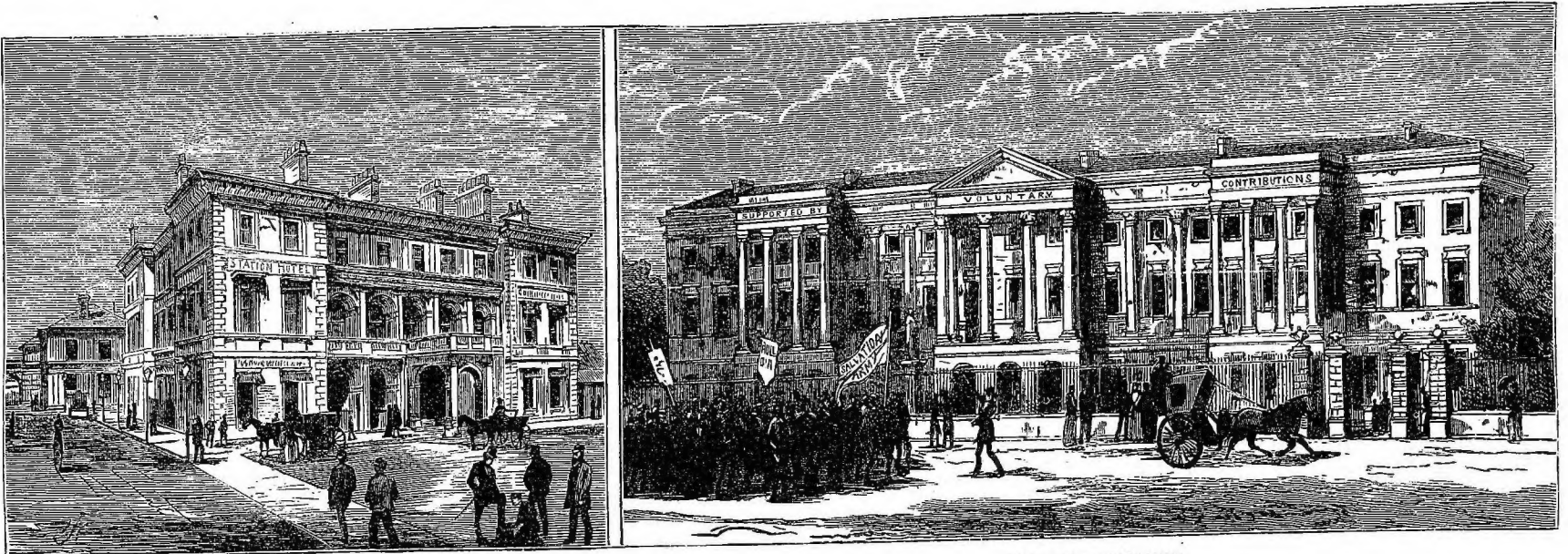
MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A dramatic song, with an organ or harmonium *ad lib.* accompaniment, written and composed by Michael Watson, is "A Winter Story." It harps upon the well-worn theme of a mother and child perishing of cold and hunger on the steps of a cathedral, and, of course, introduces the orthodox effect of a known hymn tune.—By the same composer, but far more original and satisfactory, is "The Love Chase," a stirring tale of an elopement from the hunting-field; the spirited words are by Frank Desprez. The compass is from D below the lines to E on the fourth space.—Most of us are familiar with H. F. Lyte's beautiful sacred poem, "Abide with Me," so great a favourite as a church hymn. Dr. Swinnerton has set it to a suitable melody, as a solo, and published it in E flat and F. It will prove an excellent addition to the family circle on Sunday.—Two more songs of persecuted children are added to the already long list of their school, "The Angels' Home," written and composed by the Misses Gertrude and Ethel Harraden, tells, in pleasing strains, of a "little friendless, homeless boy," who perishes in the streets; whilst Messrs. Austin Dobson and W. Borrow, in "The Child Musician," narrate the woes and sufferings of a juvenile genius who plays the violoncello and dies from an overworked brain.—"The Two Dreams" is a contralto song of average merit, written and composed by E. Oxenford and F. Löhr.—"Twilight Shadows" is a pleasing ballad of medium compass, words by E. Oxenford, music by J. Clippingdale.—"Evening" and "Album Leaf" are two useful and melodious pianoforte pieces, by Herbert F. Sharpe.—Of a somewhat higher type, and a trifle more difficult, are "La Galante" and "The Mother's Prayer," by Francesco Berger: the latter is a charming piece to learn by heart.—"Dance of Reapers" is a transcription for the pianoforte from J. F. Barnett's "The Harvest Home;" a musically arrangement of a clever theme.—The sentimental frontispiece is the most interesting part of a set of waltzes, by G. Lamothes—"Fidélité" is their name.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—J. Bond Andrews has taken the popular excerpt from Longfellow's "Spanish Student," "My Lady Sleeps," and arranged it very effectively for "voice and stringed quartette," or with a piano and violin or flute obligato, for a tenor vocalist; a singer with taste and expression would make his mark with this song.—Healthy sentiment and a happy termination are combined in a poem by Gertrude Harraden, "The Love that Ne'er Grows Old," which Ernest Ford has set to appropriate music.—Mirza Schaffy wrote a poem in Persian, Frederick Bodenstedt translated it into German, and E. d'Esterre produced an English version, this triune work has been set very elaborately to music by Maude V. White. The title is "Ich Fühle deinen Odem" ("I Feel Thy Breath's Strange Magic").—Equally elaborate and more scientific is "The Better World," music by Michael Bergson, poetry by Mrs. M. A. Baines.—Very tender and romantic are the words of "She and I," written by C. L. Pirks, and simply set to music for a sentimental tenor by "Rozelle."—Profitable study will be found for earnest pianoforte students in "Second Scherzo," by Walter Macfarlane.

MESSRS. GODDARD AND CO.—Tennyson's pleasing poem, "Sweet and Low," has been so long a popular part song, wedded to a charming melody by J. Barnby, that it seems almost an infringement of right to attempt another setting. C. A. Rodbard has tried his hand therewith poor success: he has taken care to announce "All rights reserved," so singers for charities beware!—"Sing Me the Songs I used to Sing" is a homely poem of a somewhat antique type, music to match, written and composed by John Saffery and Alfred Rawlings. This song may be sung in public without a fee.—A very sweet "Mélodie pour Violon or Violoncello," with a pianoforte accompaniment, by Percy G. Mocatta, is well worthy the attention of amateurs.

THE MEDIAEVAL PERIOD is the rage in Paris just now. Houses are built in this style, furniture is manufactured to match, and even the new cafés are copied from the taverns of the Middle Ages, all in due Rabelaisian style, with quaint old signs swinging outside, and rough wooden benches and tables, pewter goblets, and diamond-paned windows. The style has been brought in by Parisian artists, much as our own Queen Anne movement was introduced. Thus recently the invitations to a wedding were sent out on vellum decorated like the pages of an antique missal, and duly couched in quaint old French. The accompanying *menu*, however, was a sad anachronism, the modern dishes seeming decidedly out of place.

MANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, Portman Square.

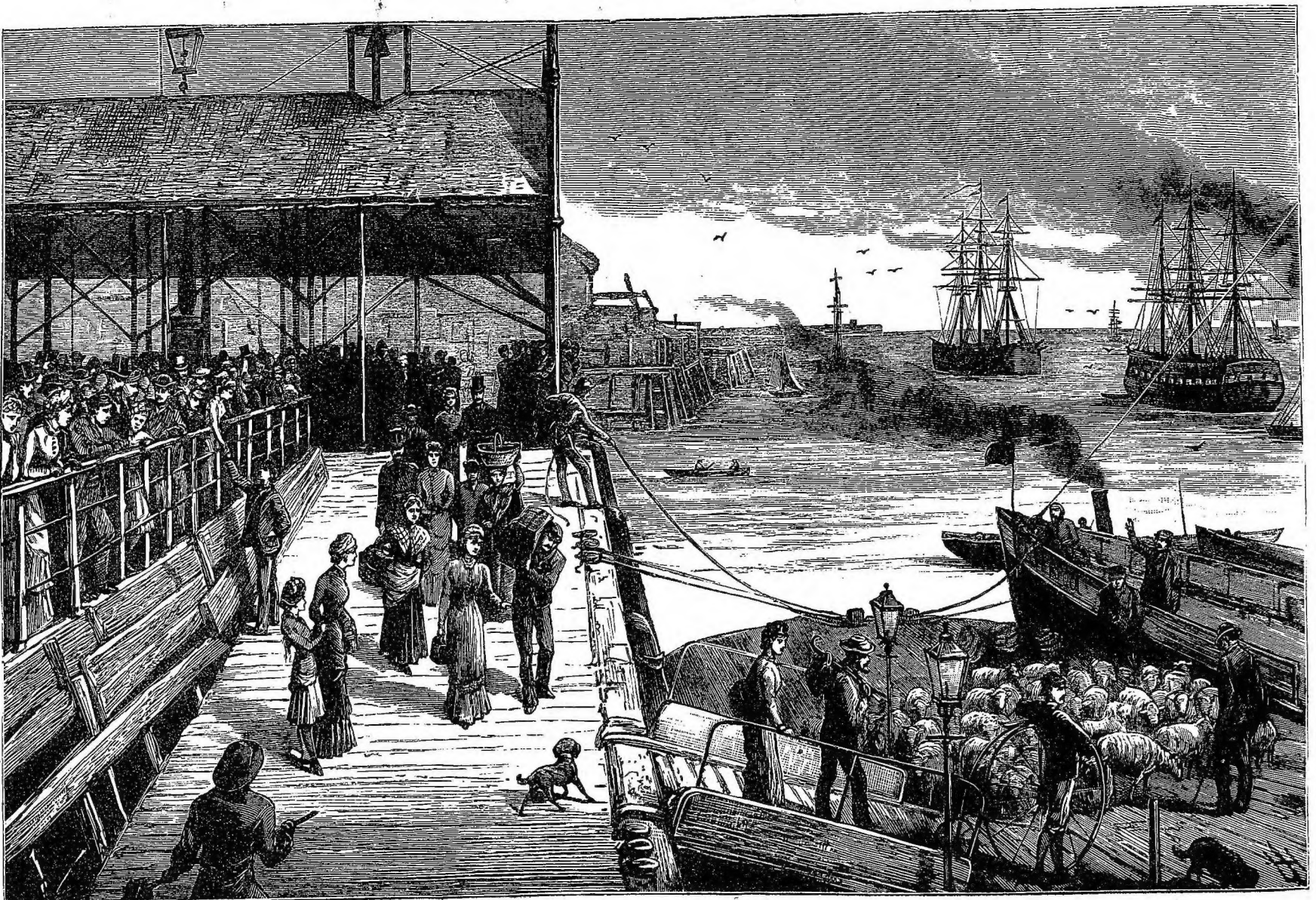


STATION HOTEL

GENERAL INFIRMARY



SCANDINAVIAN EMIGRANTS AT THE RAILWAY STATION



THE PIER—STEAMER LEAVING FOR NEW HOLLAND

HULL ILLUSTRATED